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Maglen

9th OCTOBER 1976

WOMAN'S WEEKLY

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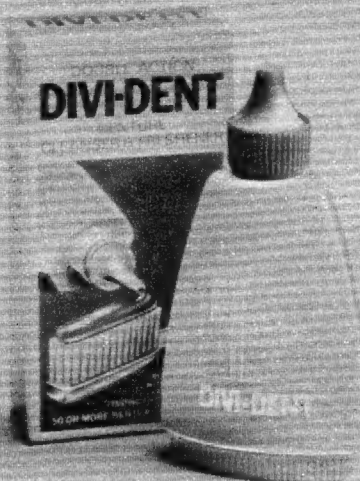
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This is your week

BY MADAME FRANCESCA

AQUARIUS

21st January to 19th February

Friendships could prove rather trying this week. Someone's behaviour may give you cause for concern, but your own sincerity should influence their opinions and bring the solution to a recent misunderstanding.

PISCES

20th February to 20th March

It would be to your advantage to treat other people's views with caution and make every effort to carry out your own ideas. You can afford to take some time off to relax and enjoy yourself.

ARIES

21st March to 20th April

Do not allow others to impose on your good nature. Instead of being at their beck and call, make your own plans. This could mean neglecting home duties for the time being but these can be done another day.

TAURUS

21st April to 21st May

A rather casual sort of week. Nothing very much seems to be happening just now but the weekend could bring some pleasant surprises. A journey to some idyllic spot is indicated for some Taureans.

GEMINI

22nd May to 22nd June

There is not much point in dwelling on problems which may never arise. Your projects should work out quite favourably if you allow them a little more time and try to resist hurrying things along.

CANCER

23rd June to 23rd July

Be discreet with all your dealings in the early part of the week. You may need to exercise some restraint with younger members of the household. Curb any tendencies you may have to argue.

LEO

24th July to 23rd August

Some disagreements may be inevitable but try to avoid clashes with those you depend on most and take no notice of rumours. Some alterations to future arrangements are likely.

VIRGO

24th August to 23rd September

A week when you are kept busy and interested in everything you do provided, of course, that you continue on the existing theme. Your personal life is well-aspected and financial prospects are encouraging.

LIBRA

24th September to 23rd October

Socially a fairly hectic week ahead with plenty of opportunities to enjoy yourself, as your personality will win many friends. Keep a careful eye on your budget, however, and don't be extravagant.

SCORPIO

24th October to 22nd November

There is a likelihood of meeting an interesting old friend—someone whose tastes and outlook are similar to your own. This could blossom into a good, reliable friendship if you give it a chance.

SAGITTARIUS

23rd November to 22nd December

Decisions which you have had a tendency to put off will now have to be made. This could cause a slight upset in the home, but it will not matter in view of the long-term advantages to be gained.

CAPRICORN

23rd December to 20th January

It will be necessary to take the lead in family arrangements now, if you are to avoid a lot of extra work. You can, however, depend on some support from a rather unexpected source.

What's the easy way to cut the cost of living?



Choose more cheese. Because cheese is still the value-for-money food.

Cheese goes in a sandwich or on toast. Cheese makes a dinner or even a dessert.

Cheese is also a valuable source of protein, calcium and vitamins.

Choose more cheese and you can cut costs without cutting corners.



MOUSSAKA

(Serves 4) 2 oz butter, 1 lb potatoes (cooked and sliced), 2 onions (sliced), 2 tomatoes (sliced), 8 oz cooked lamb (chopped), salt and pepper, 1 oz flour, 1/2 pint milk, 4 oz - 6 oz Cheddar cheese (grated).

METHOD. 1 Melt 1 oz butter in pan and lightly fry potatoes. Place in a shallow 2 1/2 - 3 pint dish. 2 Fry onions and tomatoes until soft. Add lamb, seasoning, and place over potatoes. 3 Place remaining 1 oz butter, flour and milk in a pan. Heat, whisking continuously, until sauce thickens. Add half the cheese and seasoning. 4 Pour sauce over meat mixture. Sprinkle with remaining cheese. 5 Bake - gas mark 5, 200°C (375°F) for 20 - 30 minutes until golden brown.



CHEESE PASTA MEDLEY.

(Serves 4) 6 oz pasta shells or macaroni, 1 1/2 oz butter, 1 1/2 oz flour, 1 pint milk, salt and pepper, 6 oz Cheddar cheese (grated), 3 tablespoons tomato ketchup, 4 oz streaky bacon (cooked and chopped), 1 onion (finely chopped), 1 tomato (sliced).

METHOD. 1 Cook pasta and drain. 2 Place butter, flour and milk in a saucepan. Heat, whisking continuously, until the sauce thickens. 3 Stir in salt, pepper, most of cheese, tomato ketchup, pasta, bacon and onion. 4 Place in a heatproof dish and sprinkle with remaining cheese. 5 Bake - gas mark 4, 180°C (350°F) for 20 minutes. Garnish with tomato slices.



Choose the cheese with consistently high quality.

Choose more Cheese

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Left: Flared skirt on an elasticated waistband comes in striped or plain fabric, costs £7.99. Plain toning blouse with long sleeves is priced at £5.99. Right: Plain flared trousers also have an elasticated waistband for extra comfort, cost £6.99, striped hip-length jacket with tie belt, £7.99. All in a choice of soft mushroom brown or petrel blue, from branches of British Home Stores at Doncaster, Bristol, Birmingham, Nottingham, Glasgow and Cardiff, and in London, in Oxford Street, and Wood Green.



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Sunhouse

WOMAN'S WEEKLY

KING'S REACH TOWER,
STAMFORD STREET,
LONDON SE1 9LS

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Like his cousin, Prince Edward, James Ogilvy has his name down for Eton.



ABOUT TOWN

Helen Cathcart looks at the younger royal generation, growing up fast



Viscount Linley tries out a Scorpion tank.



THEY ARE BEGINNING to give, in fun, a new updated name to the old nursery suite at Buckingham Palace. It's being called the Boys' Club . . . and certainly the label fits the equivalent junior rooms at Windsor Castle at mid-term weekends when the Queen's younger sons bring in their friends from Gordonstoun and Heatherdown School. The stereo blares Humph Lyttelton jazz and there's a hungry demand for Coke and coffee.

Today a new generation of royal teenagers come into view. The youngsters of the Royal Family are growing up fast. Prince Andrew was sixteen in February. Prince Edward stepped into his thirteenth year in March. Princess Margaret's daughter, Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, is less than two months behind him—and her brother, Viscount Linley, will be 15 this autumn. The Duke of Kent's eldest son, George—officially the Earl of St. Andrews—was 14 in June. Princess Alexandra's boy, James Ogilvy, ruefully claims only three true birthday anniversaries but then he was a Leap Year child, born February 29th, now similarly a sturdy candidate in the group of cousins in his 13th year.

Then there's also the Kents' daughter, Lady Helen Windsor, 13 next April, her bedroom already decked with gymkhana rosettes, ballet programmes and skiing

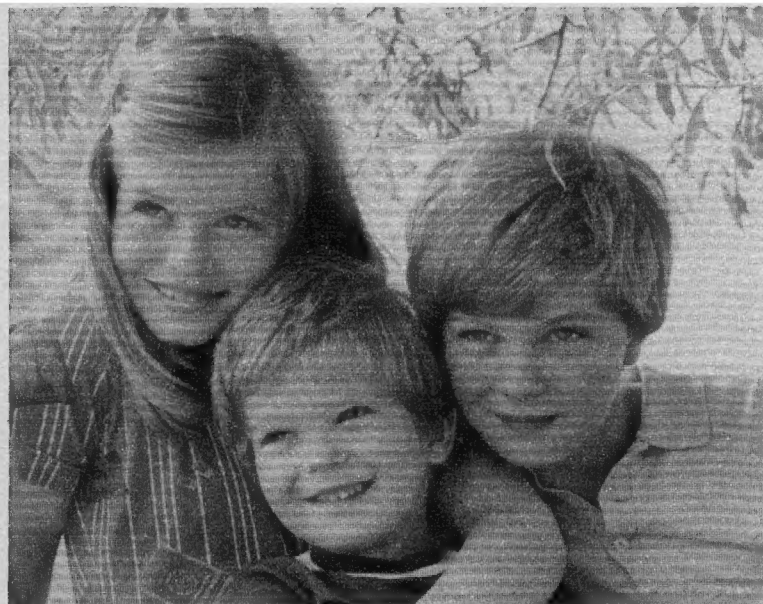
snaps. What an immensely interesting social group they all make!

Prince Andrew naturally seems a giant in seniority to his younger cousins. He even began taking gliding lessons at an RAF airfield last year, and is, in fact, a cadet corporal with the Gordonstoun school squadron of the Air Training Corps. Veteran of some fifteen flights, he pins his hopes on going solo with an eagerness his parents seem to dampen down at present. He is pushing his chances, too, for the pupil-exchange scheme with Geelong Grammar School, keen to rough it for a term or two in the famous Australian bush school just as his elder brother, Prince Charles, did ten years ago.

Yet Andy, as his friends call him, isn't in any sense a carbon copy of Charles. "He's a chip of Mountbatten granite, a toughie, completely sure of himself," runs one intimate royal summing-up. Any royal shyness was quickly knocked out of him by the fact that Gordonstoun is now fully co-ed with over a hundred girls. And Andy mixes in, during long archaeology hikes and coast-guard patrols, proving his mettle recently when the school training yacht *Sea Spirit* battled into Lossiemouth harbour through a Force Eight gale.

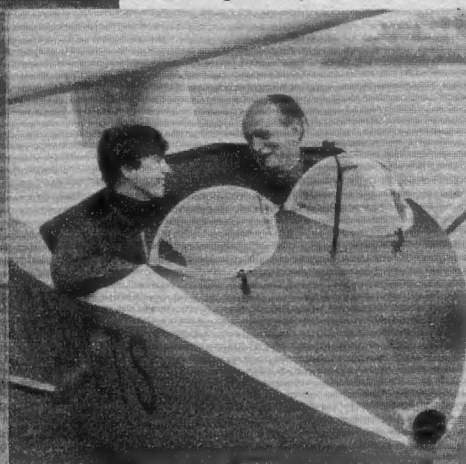
Andy's closest cousin in age and family affinity is very different in temperament.

The Queen Mother celebrated her 76th birthday with a gathering of her daughters and grandchildren—and aren't they good looking?

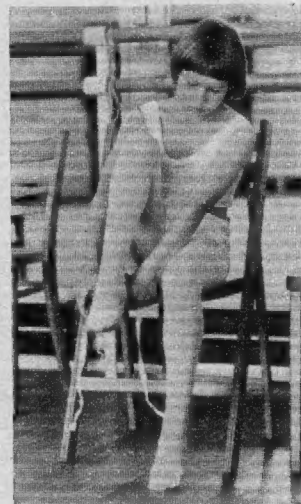


The Duke and Duchess of Kent's three attractive children.

Below right: Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones fits on her ballet shoes.



Gliding lessons are part of Prince Andrew's curriculum.



The first prize David Linley ever won was for designing a poster and, indeed, the evening task of getting pictures mounted for a school exhibition saw him coming down in his dressing-gown to work for an extra hour with scissors and paste. An unexpected early triumph was when he featured in the Ashdown House school concert as a solo pianist, playing *St. Paul's Steeple* with virtuoso brilliance. Today, Princess Margaret's teenage son shares her own flair for improvising at the keyboard.

His skill in the school carpentry shop kept Kensington Palace supplied with boxes, neat and various as his mother's hanky box and the bird-boxes in her garden. She is delighted that David and his sister Sarah have snugly fitted in as boarders at Bedales, the progressive co-educational school in Hampshire.

Sarah Armstrong-Jones first studied ballet under Dame Ninette de Valois at the Royal Ballet School in Hammersmith, and still rigorously practises at the barre in the gym, a future young lady of absolute magic. Bedales stresses music and art, physical alertness and manual dexterity.

But perhaps the biggest Bedales surprise is that David is becoming a very good fencer, reputed to have cheerfully invited his Uncle Philip to a duel with the foils. Gaining in confidence—and often gravely

escorting Princess Margaret on her official duties—14-year-old Lord Linley is emerging early in the public eye.

Next come that intriguing trio of budding teenagers, Prince Edward, Lady Helen Windsor (the Kents' daughter), and Princess Alexandra's son, James Ogilvy, royal cousins with not two months age difference between them. An extraordinarily poised young lady, nearly as tall as her mother, Helen now goes away to boarding school at St. Mary's, Wantage. Until recently this lovely 100-year-old school in Berkshire was an Anglican community staffed by Sisters. Today it is broadly based, from art to domestic science.

UNIVERSITY EXAM

The Duke and Duchess of Kent considered their choice of a girls' school very seriously. The Duchess herself went away to boarding school and became a part-time teacher. The Duke now amiably plays martyr to his daughter's home cookery demonstrations, and Lady Helen may in fact become the first royal lady to go to university through the normal entrance exam.

The royal teenagers face their O and A levels like everyone else. Prince Edward and robust James Ogilvy at Heatherdown School have their names down for Eton

but must still battle their way through. Both boys are taking music, drawing and painting and shooting as extras. There's a school rifle range to diversify the varied attractions of cricket, rugby, tennis and boxing. On holidays the two go fishing together. If Edward is still the shy, quiet one, James remains an extrovert of intense practicality.

Not least interesting among the younger royals, there's the Duke of Kent's 14-year-old son, the Earl of St. Andrews, who left Heatherdown last year to go to Eton after winning a scholarship. Top in French and above average in his general papers, George St. Andrews, as he's listed, lives in College, the oldest part of the school. Yet his ancient-style medieval room is decked with pictures of modern racing cars, and he hugs an ardent ambition to fly in Concorde.

By today's rulings, some of the teenage royals will be coming of age in four or five years' time. Within seven years they'll all be touching their twenties and actively taking up their lifelong royal careers. Will St. Andrews become an Army man like his father? Will Prince Edward perhaps become the first royal art student to graduate via Eton and the Royal College of Art? And what will be their future imprint on the monarchy? Their personalities pose fascinating questions of the future.

BEGINS TODAY

**A GREAT NEW ZEALAND SERIAL
BY THAT FAVOURITE
STORYTELLER, ESSIE SUMMERS**

GOBLIN HILL

Faith, Hope and Charity ...
what a trio they were going
to make! She would
reserve judgment on the bachelor
nephew. She only hoped
he would not be too crabbed
and set in his ways ...

TOO MUCH had happened in too short a time. Faith Charteris felt as if heart and mind had been bludgeoned. Certainly, as the only child of elderly parents, she'd accepted as natural that she might be left on her own fairly early in life, but to lose both within the year had been devastating.

Perhaps it was worse because she'd been her father's secretary, working at home with him. After her mother died, Faith had thought Stephen Charteris's work as an author would have been the saving of him, but it was soon amazingly evident that Lucy, his wife, had been the mainspring of his existence, and a vigorous, colourful personality had slipped out of life with an uncharacteristic simplicity.

Faith knew that she was more fortunate than some girls in this unhappy state in that she had no financial problems. This lovely house overlooking Hawke Bay on the east coast of the North Island of New Zealand had been so designed that it would convert easily into two flats. Faith could live in the smaller and rent the other, and retain her parents' treasures.

Her mind, as always now, automatically corrected that ... the treasures of her *adoptive* parents. And there lurked the stab of pain. The sense of loss at their going was now shot through with a feeling of having been let down by the two people she loved most.

It was true that Stephen had explained it all to her in the letter the solicitor had given her, but Faith knew, beyond all doubt, that it had been the wrong way to handle it.

Worst of all had been the footnote, written just before he died, saying he had written to her real mother to ask her to get in touch and explain the circumstances of Faith's birth.

He had written: "*I don't feel I can break the promise made her at the time, and reveal her name and your father's. But remember, darling, you've always been the child we wanted, not only a daughter but a loving friend. Lucy said once that you*



ILLUSTRATED BY ERIC EARNSHAW



were the child of her spirit. Mine too."

After Faith had read that letter, she'd thought Glen, the man she was going to marry, and his mother ought to be told, and told together. That had been a mistake, as she realised at this very moment. Alone, Glen might have reacted swiftly, reassuringly, but now he waited for his mother to speak first, as if he must take his lead from her. Well, of course he'd probably had a shock.

Mrs. Tankerton was always described as a gracious, dignified woman, so her reaction was unexcited, completely unemotional. Also completely cold. Under the chill, Faith sensed a decided withdrawal.

She told herself it was no worse than she'd known it would be. Mrs. Tankerton had always been very family conscious, and, as a Charteris, Faith had been most acceptable. As a nameless nobody, she was quite a different proposition.

IT MIGHT still have been all right had Glen been genuinely concerned about her when they were alone later, on the way home, but he hadn't. He kept on with small, persistent questions till Faith could have screamed.

Had her parents never let any hint drop? Hadn't she told him she'd been born in London? Was it possible they'd gone there with the express intention of adopting a child and passing it off as their own? When did she think Stephen had written to her real mother? Had she any idea of her whereabouts? Could she have been

tion? She had a vision of him reading his newspaper, morning after morning; accounts of tragic accidents, sudden loss, frightening experiences, even murder. Would this man never think, 'How could I bear it if it happened to me, or to someone I loved'? No, he'd never imagine himself in other men's shoes. Those were things that always happened to other people, not to the Tankertons.

When she kept silent he said, "You've no way of finding out if your mother doesn't write, have you?" But she had worked that out already. She lifted clear, discerning grey eyes to his. "I have a way, Glen. Someone I feel might know, and who I'm sure would tell me the truth. My godmother. I've already written her."

"Written to Philippa Meredith? Oh, Faith, was that wise? I know she's a wonderful person, but actors and actresses, by and large, aren't noted for discretion. I mean, in the world of the theatre . . ."

He stopped, looked awkward. "Glen, how can you lump people into categories?" Faith asked in exasperation. "I mean, look at Philippa and Mark. They'd never let anyone down, and their marriage is a joy to behold."

He sounded forbearing. "Faith, you'll feel a lot better after a good night's sleep. I'll see you tomorrow."

She felt the prick of tears behind her eyes and subdued them. She said, scornfully, "What makes you so sure I'll get a good night's sleep? Anyway, good night. Don't lie awake worrying about your

She went out to the mailbox at the gate for it. The air was full of the scents of mid-summer, January in New Zealand with all the flowers Lucy had so loved nodding in the borders.

Her gaze swept the skyline, the dear familiar hills, the sea. Home. But now an empty, lonely home. She would never marry Glen Tankerton.

She reached in for the letters. Still more from readers of her father's books who'd just read of his death, a few business ones . . . and an English airmail. She turned it over, yes, from Philippa. She put the others on the letter-box, and ripped it open. Philippa came to the point quickly.

*"Darling Faith,
You'll know all my heart wants to say, but I want to say it face to face. I would have flown straight out to you, had it been possible, but I just couldn't get away. Faith, air travel is so quick. You could be with us in thirty-six hours. We'd like to pay your fare. I'm tied up trying to finish a series. It would have been done long since had they not, for reasons I won't go into here, found it absolutely necessary to make a major change in it. Your father entrusted me with the task of revealing something to you . . . you'll know what by now . . . so I beg you to come, and soon. Just send a cable to say when you'll be arriving. Stay as long a time, or as short, as you want to. You know Mark loves you as much as I do. But come quickly or I might not be here . . ."*

Perhaps Philippa was off to Spain or

The glory of the morning reflected her mood.
She was coming home! This was the place where
family roots went deep. Yet the irony was that
she could walk among these people
and not one would know her for who she was . . .

English? How long did she think it would be before she would hear?

It was when he said, "You must, of course, keep it entirely to yourself, apart from us, when and if she does," that Faith swung round on him.

"Glen! You are taking it for granted that I must be a guilty secret in my mother's past, aren't you?"

They were standing in Faith's entrance hall now.

Glen said, in a tone so intentionally reasonable it was intensely irritating, "You must face facts . . . what other reason could there be?"

She swallowed hard. "I admit it's difficult to think of another, but we have absolutely no proof. Dad seemed to think that my mother wouldn't hesitate to respond when she knew both Lucy and he were gone. So let's wait and see."

Glen said slowly, "If she knows you don't know her identity, she may never respond. She may have a husband and children who won't know about you. She may not dare acknowledge you. Anyway, if she doesn't, it will be for the best, I'm sure. No use raking up a doubtful past."

Faith knew the distance between them widened with every word. "Glen, I must know. Could you, given the same circumstances, bear not to?"

He considered it. "I find that hard to answer. I can't imagine myself in that situation," he said finally.

Something in Faith stilled, then died. Could anyone have such a lack of imagina-

future, Glen. I won't mess it up for you. You've nothing to fear from me."

He looked puzzled but turned to the door and went without another word.

FAITH MADE herself some coffee and cut a chicken sandwich. "My girl, I'm proud of you!" she said aloud. "You are not wilting. You are not going into a decline. It's just like that film title Philippa starred in . . . only Glen wasn't like the hero. *A Man To Ride The Water With*."

It had been a Border film, and Philippa had been rescued from her hereditary enemies and had spent days being borne away on the hero's saddle-bow, through river and torrent, mountain and marsh. Faith could see her now, that luxuriant chestnut hair flowing over her bodice and kirtle, the brilliant green eyes, the laughing mouth. A magnificent actress, and an indulgent godmother.

Faith had cabled Philippa and Mark of her father's death. They had cabled back instantly, and there had been some magnificent flowers from them. It had been a long cable, but Faith had expected a letter to follow it. So far, however, there had been nothing. There would be some good reason. Perhaps a letter had gone astray. Even in the busy life she led, Philippa had always been a wonderful correspondent.

Somewhat warmed and comforted by the thought of Philippa and Mark, Faith slept dreamlessly till morning. Slept so long, in fact, that by the time she'd breakfasted, the mail had come.

Italy or somewhere for location filming. Or to Hollywood. Faith knew she'd go immediately, but first she must tell Glen that she wouldn't marry him.

She did it gently, but with finality. He said, without any of his usual confidence, "There wasn't a real need for this, Faith. I feel you're acting precipitately. Not only in breaking our engagement, but in going to England so suddenly. You could be told the details just as well by letter, and it wouldn't be such a colossal waste of money on that long journey."

"Father and Mother would have wanted this, I know. Besides, I might even be able to meet my real mother. With regard to the other thing, Glen, it won't cause you any embarrassment. As your mother said the other night, what a good thing we postponed announcing our engagement because of Dad's illness. She's not the only one to feel glad. I'm glad and grateful."

"Why?"
"Because it showed me we weren't suited. I *did* love you, Glen. Very dearly. So much so that had the positions been reversed I'd have wanted only to make it up to you. I couldn't risk marriage on your terms, Glen."

She wanted to laugh at the look on his face. This nameless waif was turning Glen Tankerton down! She wished she could cry when he left her. That would have been natural, but she knew why she couldn't; she'd been in love with love, that was all . . .

Continued overleaf

Miraculously, Benjie stopped
shrieking, and into the
silence a voice behind her
said, "Who in the world are you?"



NOW THE BIG jet was dropping out of the sky over the fields of England. There was the gleam of the Thames, the mass of Windsor Castle, the myriad trees, remnants of the great forests of other ages, still unspoiled.

She knew no great disappointment that Philippa wasn't there, because her free hours were always few, and Mark was there instead; dear, dependable Mark, so utterly unlike anyone's preconceived idea of a film producer, never temperamental and tense. Yet, for once, he looked quite finely drawn.

When she'd kissed him she said, "Mark, you look awfully tired. Have you been overworking?" Philippa mentioned a major change in this last series. Have you been working against time or something?"

He nodded. "Yes, love. Just that. But it's over. Look, come on over here. A chap I know has put a room at my disposal. I wanted to brief you a bit, and it's too hectic by far trying to chat while threading through the traffic on the Great West Road."

Once they were in the small interview room, he came across to her, and took her hands. "Listen, Faith. I'm not going to try to break this gently . . . we have been working against time. There has been a major change in the series—there had to be. Philippa had to be written out. The time that's been against us, has been *her* time. She's got only a little while longer to live."

Faith freed her hands from his grip, slipped her arms about him, put her cheek against his in kindred, wordless sympathy. Then she said brokenly, "Oh, no, Mark! Not Philippa! She's so vital, so loved."

They moved across to a small settee against the wall, sat down, hands clasped.

He said, "Faith, it's so cruel after your own losses such a short time ago."

She said staunchly, "Mark, don't think about that. Is it absolutely certain there's no hope for Philippa?"

"Quite certain. That's why she couldn't fly out to you when Stephen was ill. She was in hospital. We've known some time. She's fought gallantly . . . at first in secret. She was determined the series would write her out in the best possible way, because the livelihood of so many others depends upon it, and if she could make it a natural fading-out, there was the chance to bring in other characters to sustain it when she goes."

"How like her. She's been so selfless all through her career, hasn't she? Never jealous of others, always helping someone to get a foothold. Mark, how long have we got her for?"

His face was quite under control. "Not more than a few weeks. We finished her part in the series three days ago. It seemed as if she had the will to last out just that long." He looked at Faith. "Would it be too much to ask you to stay till it's over? It would help her, I know."

"Of course, Mark. Unless she'd rather have you to herself?"

"She's counting on your staying." He got up suddenly and went to the window, staring out unseeingly. He had the air of a man who doesn't know where to go from there.

SHE WENT across and touched his arm. "Mark, I think you're worried about the fact that Dad asked her to tell me about my real parentage. It may be too much for her . . . an awkward complication just now. What can we do about it? Can

8 Ways to cheer yourself up

Feeling glum? Try one of Rebecca Scott's morale boosters

IT'S BEEN one of those days: it's Monday; the whole family overslept; you tripped headlong over the cat in your mad rush to get ready; it was pouring and your only raincoat was at the cleaners; you missed the train; the washing-machine broke down, the lights fused and the electricity bill for the quarter came in. Or maybe none of these things happened; and you simply woke up feeling a little dreary. Wait until you have a quiet moment to yourself, and try a morale-booster: they're all guaranteed gloom-proof!

1. Give yourself a facial. Face-up (available from most department stores and large chemists' chains) is a novel idea: it consists of a handy little packet that contains all you need for one facial—cleanser, skin toner, face mask, eyepads and moisturiser. Or, if you like, cleanse and tone your skin really well, and make your own face pack: mix together a little clear honey with an egg yolk, and add enough fine oatmeal to make a creamy paste. Smooth the pack over your face in an upward direction, leave on for 10-15 minutes, then remove gently with warm water. Finish with a brisk splash of cold water to close the pores.

2. Make an appointment to get the best haircut you can afford. Spend some time looking through magazines before you go, to see what sort of style appeals to you—take the photographs along with you to show the hairdresser; it will give him or her some idea of what you would like.

3. Go on a diet to lose five pounds. (If you're very much overweight, you should consult a doctor before attempting any diet—this is for those of you who have been staring glumly at your spare tyre for some weeks now, without doing anything much about it, a victim of the Macbeth school of dieting—"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow . . .")

Try this diet for five days: don't cheat,



and you should lose about four to five pounds.

Rules: you must not drink more than half a pint of skimmed milk every day (in tea or coffee); you may, however, drink as much sugarless lemon tea and black coffee as you like (you may use artificial sweeteners). Drink as much water as you can. Take one multi-vitamin pill every day.

Breakfast: Coffee or tea (with milk from allowance; no sugar) and one slice of wholemeal or brown bread with one of the following: one boiled egg, one carton of plain yoghurt; one mound of fresh cottage cheese (with chives chopped in, if liked); one large piece grilled fish; 3 oz. any cold lean meat.

Elevenes: One apple or pear or orange.

Lunch: One of these: Large helping grilled fish with Brussels sprouts or cabbage; large helping grilled liver or small piece of steak or 2 lean lamb chops with either large mixed

we make it easy for her? I've lived with it long enough now not to make a fuss about it. I've twenty-five years of happy family life behind me."

Mark's brown eyes, anxious and kind, searched the clear grey ones. "Faith, it is your reaction that's worrying me. She is determined to tell you herself, so I'm breaking trust with her, because I just dare not risk making her unhappy."

She had a line between her brows, puzzled. "You mean, you know who my mother is? But of course you do. Then you just tell me . . . or leave it till . . . till after. My mother's identity doesn't matter at a time like this."

His grip was firm, compelling. "Your

mother's identity matters very much, Faith. It's going to be a shock, love, but . . . your mother was . . . is . . . Philippa herself."

She had a sense of shattering impact, and feared a black-out. Her nails bit into Mark's palms and she rocked a little.

Then everything came into focus again, and reality had her in its hold. Her face was still devoid of colour but she looked up into Mark's eyes and smiled. "My mother, not my godmother! Oh, Mark, what a truly wonderful thing. I don't care what the circumstances were—if I was the result of a time of foolishness, of loving too much—it's still the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me. My mother is not a stranger."



salad or generous helping of green vegetable; plain or mushroom omelette, made with two eggs.

Dinner: Same choice as lunch.

Late snack: Tea/coffee (again, sugarless, with milk from allowance) with one apple or pear or orange.

Vary your diet sensibly; and if you choose to have an egg for breakfast, don't have the omelette for lunch or dinner.

4. Soak yourself in a warm luxurious bath—not hot, it's bad for your skin—blissfully scented with your favourite unguents or foam or salts (try Country Lover Bath Lotion, or Aquasoft—made with sea plants' extracts and lanolin); relax for fifteen minutes or so, letting your mind and body unwind; dry yourself and smooth body lotion all over yourself, paying particular attention to knees, heels and elbows.

5. Give Clairol's Quiet Touch hair highlights a try—but only if your hair is dark blonde to

light brown in colour naturally. It's a hair-painting kit to add sunny streaks to your hair: with the brush included in the kit, you simply paint thin ribbons on to the top layer of your hair—as many as you want—wait 15 minutes, and then shampoo your hair as you would normally.

6. Go for a brisk walk! Protect your face with a moisturiser and your hair with a scarf, if the weather's windy, and make sure your shoes are comfortable. Really stride out, back straight and free, moving your legs from the hips and breathing deeply.

7. Try out a new scent—a morale booster to any woman, whatever her age. Sniff your way round the perfume counters in any large store or chemist (don't try more than three scents at any one time, however—your nose tires quickly).

8. Get a copy of your local council's catalogue of daytime courses and evening classes, and learn something new!

Mark swallowed. "Bless you for saying that . . . but it wasn't that way at all. You were born in wedlock all right, but . . . there was a time when she was very young when she behaved with great selfishness. It seems to me that, from that time onward, when she realised how gravely she'd wronged your father by marrying him, she disciplined herself never to be selfish again.

"Darling, what I'm telling you may be harder to understand than a woman giving up her illegitimate child . . . and you'd braced yourself to take that. Philippa was studying voice production in Christchurch. Your father was studying farming at Lincoln University near there. They fell madly in love and married. It just didn't

work . . . it couldn't. Julian's life was on the family's estate, he belonged to the fourth generation on that property. He thought she'd count the world well lost for love . . . her acting career, in fact. He'd no idea, naturally, of her latent talent, how compulsive it was, how burningly ambitious she was. But she knew it, so it was very wrong to marry him.

"Time drew near for Julian Morewood to return to his farm. He'd gained his degree. Philippa wanted to come to London to study. They were utterly incompatible in their way of life. She walked out on him. She was only twenty-two, Faith. She planned it well; gave him no time to trace her before she left New Zealand. He'd

gone down to the farm to prepare the cottage they were to have on the estate. She packed his things and sent them down to him, closed the flat, then wrote him saying that by the time he got the letter she would be on the high seas.

"When she reached London, she found she was pregnant. To do her justice, she felt it wouldn't be fair to run home to Julian. He would have thought only necessity had driven her back to him, and she was sure their marriage wouldn't last. One day she met her old friends, Stephen and Lucy, by chance, in the Strand. She was so obviously pregnant and in such distress when she saw them, afraid they'd tell her folk and pressure would be brought upon her to return, that they promised not to disclose her secret. You can guess the rest.

"She'd been going to keep you, somehow. But Stephen and Lucy rented a house in Surrey, took her in, surrounded her with love, and you too, when you came. They begged her to let them adopt you. She knew it would be a better life for you, and that she'd see you from time to time, but she regretted it all her life. Can you understand it at all, Faith? Understand and forgive her?"

TEARs WERE slipping down Faith's cheeks. She brushed them away with the back of her hand, as a child might have done. She nodded, then said, "What of my father? Didn't he want to see me, ever?"

"He never knew. He still doesn't know. They were divorced, of course. She thought if he knew about you he might send for you, and if he married again, you might be an unwanted child. She might never have seen you again. So she gave you to Lucy and Stephen."

Faith nodded. That was more consistent with the Philippa she knew.

Mark said, "Stephen and Lucy insisted you took her maiden name as your first name, Meredith, so she could have some part of you. But in turn she asked that you be called by your second name. Faith is a family name on your father's side, and he'd once said that if ever they had a daughter, he'd like her called Faith."

Mark continued, "If you'd known the happiness your visits here with Stephen and Lucy gave her! If you could have seen the way she pored over copies of your school reports, your prowess in singing . . . you got that from your father. She was glad you took after your father, not her, so that you'd never guess. Not that she wouldn't have been proud to claim you for her daughter, but she thought it would hurt Lucy, who had been all the things to you that Philippa should have been."

"I'm like my father?" cried Faith. A strange feeling swept over her. "Mark, is he still alive? Does he still farm? And where?"

He smiled a little. "That's my girl. He's quite a young man still, of course. He married again, a widow with a family, but has no children of his own. He farms on a small headland that juts out into the Pacific, somewhere north of Dunedin. It's a curious formation, Philippa says. It takes its name from that . . . Goblin Head. The homestead is called Goblin Hill. Life has compensated Julian. He made a very happy second marriage. His stepson runs the farm with him."

"How do you know it was happy?"

He smiled broadly. "Because he and his wife visited us here a few months ago. They

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Pale shades like wild mulberry, baby pink, aquamarine, delph blue or snow white would be ideal colour choices.

MEASUREMENTS

in centimetres (and inches, in brackets)

To fit bust size	86 (34)	91 (36)	97 (38)	102 (40)
Side seam	28 (11)	28 (11)	28 (11)	28 (11)
Length	52 (20½)	53.5 (21)	54.5 (21½)	56 (22)
Sleeve seam	11.5 (4½)	11.5 (4½)	11.5 (4½)	11.5 (4½)

Designed for Flattery

Add a little luxury to bedtime with our delicate bedjacket knitted in a pretty lacy design with stocking stitch yoke, crochet edges and dainty ribbon trim

Instructions in 4 sizes

MATERIALS: Five 50 g balls of Patons Kismet for the 86 cm (34 inch) and 91 cm (36 inch) bust sizes; six balls for the 97 cm (38 inch) and 102 cm (40 inch) bust sizes. For any one size: a pair each of No. 8 and No. 9 knitting needles; a size 3.00 crochet hook; 1.40 metres (1½ yards) of 2 cm (¾ inch) wide ribbon; 2 buttons.

TENSION: Work at a tension of 18 stitches and 22 rows to measure 10 × 10 cm, over the pattern, using No. 8 needles and 30 rows to 10 cm, over the stocking stitch, using No. 9 needles, to obtain the measurements given on the facing page.

ABBREVIATIONS: To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); s.s., stocking st. (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); sl., slip; k. 2 tog.b., k. 2 tog. through back of loops; d.c., double crochet; ch., chain; y.o.h., yarn over hook; d.d.tr., double double treble (y.o.h., 4 times, insert hook into next d.c. and draw loop through, * y.o.h. and draw through 2 loops; repeat from * 3 times, y.o.h. and draw through final 2 loops).

NOTE: The instructions are given for the 86 cm (34 inch) bust size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 91 cm (36 inch) bust size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 97 cm (38 inch) bust size; work the figures within the third brackets for the 102 cm (40 inch) bust size.

THE BACK: With No. 8 needles cast on 125 (131) (137) (143) sts. and k. 3 rows.

Now work the 4-row pattern as follows:
1st row (right side): K. 1 winding yarn twice round needle, * k. 1 winding yarn 3 times round needle; repeat from * to end.

2nd row: K. 1 dropping extra loops, thus making 1 long st., * sl. next 3 sts. (p.wise) on to right-hand needle, dropping extra loops, thus making 3 long sts., sl. the 3 long sts. back on to left-hand needle, then k. 1, p. 1, k. 1 all into front of the 3 long sts. together slipping off in the usual way; repeat from * until 1 st. and 2 loops remain, k. 1 dropping extra loops, thus making 1 long st.

3rd and 4th rows: All k.

Repeat the last 4 rows, 13 times more, then work the 1st and 2nd rows again.

Next (dec.) row: K. 19 (22) (25) (28), * k. 2 tog., k. 3; repeat from * 16 times, k. 2 tog., k. to end—107 (113) (119) (125) sts.

Next row: All k.

Change to No. 9 needles and working in s.s. shape raglan armholes as follows:

1st and 2nd rows: Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

3rd row: K. 2, k. 2 tog.b., k. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog., k. 2.

4th row: K. 2, p. until 2 sts. remain, k. 2.

Repeat the last 2 rows, 34 (36) (38) (40) times—31 (33) (35) (37) sts.

Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT: With No. 8 needles cast on 62 (65) (68) (71) sts. and k. 3 rows.

Now work 58 rows in pattern as given for back.

Next (dec.) row: K. 5 (6) (8) (9), * k. 2 tog., k. 3; repeat from * 9 times, k. 2 tog., k. to end—51 (54) (57) (60) sts.

K. 1 row. **

Change to No. 9 needles and working in s.s., continue as follows:

To shape the raglan armhole: 1st row: Cast off 3 sts., k. to end.

2nd row: All p.

3rd row: K. 2, k. 2 tog.b., k. to end.

4th row: P. until 2 sts. remain, k. 2.

Repeat 3rd and 4th rows, 4 times more—43 (46) (49) (52) sts.

*** To slope the front and continue to shape raglan armhole: Dec. 1 st. at raglan edge as before on every right-side row and at the same time, dec. 1 st. at front edge on the next row and the 10 (11) (12) (13) following 4th rows—11 sts.

Now dec. 1 st. at raglan edge only as before on the next 7 right-side rows—4 sts. ***

Next row: P. 2, k. 2.

Next row: K. 2, k. 2 tog.b.

Next row: P. 1, k. 2.

Next row: K. 1, k. 2 tog.b.

Take remaining 2 sts. tog. and fasten off.

THE RIGHT FRONT: Work as given for left front to **.

Change to No. 9 needles and continuing in s.s., k. 1 row.

To shape the raglan armhole: 1st row: Cast off 3 sts., p. to end.

2nd row: K. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog., k. 2.

3rd row: K. 2, p. to end.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows, 4 times more—43 (46) (49) (52) sts.

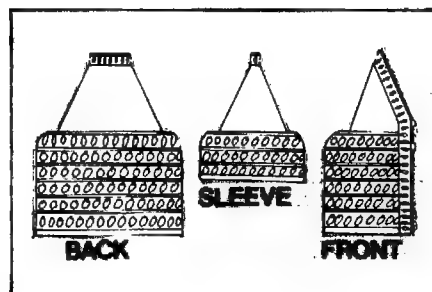
Now work as given for left front from *** to ***.

Next row: K. 2, p. 2.

Next row: K. 2 tog., k. 2.

Next row: K. 2, p. 1.

Next row: K. 2 tog., k. 1.



Next row: K. 2.

Taking remaining 2 sts. tog. and fasten off.

THE SLEEVES (both alike): With No. 8 needles cast on 98 (104) (104) (110) sts. and k. 3 rows.

Work 22 rows in pattern as given for back.

Next (dec.) row: K. 16 (16) (20) (17), * k. 2 tog., k. 11 (12) (19) (13); repeat from * 4 (4) (2) (4) times, k. 2 tog., k. 15 (16) (19) (16)—92 (98) (100) (104) sts.

K. 1 row.

Change to No. 9 needles and continuing in s.s., shape raglan armholes as follows:

1st and 2nd rows: Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

3rd row: K. 2, k. 2 tog.b., k. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog., k. 2.

4th row: K. 2, p. 2 tog., p. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog., k. 2.

5th row: All k.

6th row: As 4th row.

7th row: As 3rd row.

8th row: K. 2, p. until 2 sts. remain, k. 2. Repeat 3rd to 8th rows, 3 (4) (3) (3) times, then work the 3rd to 6th rows again—48 (46) (56) (60) sts.

Now repeat 7th and 8th rows only, 21 (20) (25) (27) times—6 sts.

Cast off.

THE FRONT BORDER: First join raglan seams. With right side of work facing and using size 3.00 crochet hook, join yarn to lower edge of right front and work a row of d.c. up right front, across back neck and down left front to lower edge, turn.

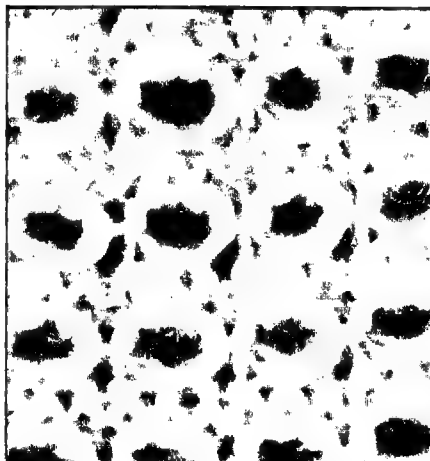
Next row: 2 ch. for d.c., 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end, turn.

Next row: 6 ch. for 1st d.d.tr., 1 d.d.tr. in each d.c. to end, turn.

Place a pin in last row level with 1st front shaping on right front.

Next row: 2 ch. for 1st d.c., 1 d.c. in each d.d.tr. to pin position, 3 ch. for buttonloop, miss 2 d.d.tr., 1 d.c. in each of next 8 d.d.tr., 3 ch., miss 2 d.d.tr., 1 d.c. in each d.d.tr. to end, turn. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP THE BEDJACKET: Do not press. Join side and sleeve seams. Thread ribbon through d.d.tr. row, by weaving between 2 d.d.tr.s. at a time. Sew ends of ribbon at lower edges. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonloops.



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A LIGHT-HEARTED STORY FROM PAT LACEY

A walk in the park

*To begin with, there seemed
no real reason why
I shouldn't pretend that
he was mine . . .*

THERE IS something about a red setter that stirs my imagination. That exquisite copper coat, that proud, domed head and long, feathery tail. One day, I shall have a red setter of my own. And his name will be Patrick—Paddy for short.

So, on that autumn afternoon when this magnificent animal came bounding across the London park towards me, it was almost second nature to put out my hand and say, "Hello, Paddy!"

The result was astonishing. The dog put back his noble head and gave me a look out of his beautiful, smoke-blue eyes that was as appraising as my own. "Paddy?" I said again.

His answering bark had me consulting the metal disc glinting at his neck. Not only was his name Paddy, but he lived in one of the long, narrow houses on the other side of the park where Henry's sister, Angela, lived. And where, in about ten minutes, I was due to meet her for the first time.

I hadn't known Henry for long. A matter of weeks only, and I was still a little bewildered that someone so sophisticated and slick should be interested in me—Gilly Johnson, five foot nothing in my stockinged feet, with prominent cheekbones and freckles, and what my father laughingly calls a pair of well turned legs, as if I were a piece of Hepplewhite or Chippendale. Teaching woodwork in our local secondary school at home in Cumberland, he tends to see people in terms of his craft. He married my mother, he always says, because the golden-amber of her hair reminded him of sunlight on the patina of old wood.

Mine is much the same colour, and I wear it long. "A curtain of gold," Henry had called it, the night he'd met me at Sandra Herbert's party. He tends to use that sort of extravagant phrase—perhaps his work in an advertising agency has something to do with it. He'd also, I discovered, just finished a commercial on shampoos!

At first, I'd thought Henry was marvelous. Now, at half-past five on a Friday evening, straight from the office and rather

chilly in my best suit of fine, dark beige wool, I was having to remind myself that handsome, flattering young men with fast sports cars should be treated with respect. As far as Gilly Johnson, fresh from the country, was concerned.

His casual assumption that I wouldn't mind arriving at his sister's house without him was rather difficult to swallow. His airy explanation that he didn't know what time he'd be finished with his client hadn't convinced me. He could, I felt sure, have made it, if he'd only tried.

Still with several minutes to spare before I was due to present myself, I was delighted to make Paddy's acquaintance. The feeling seemed to be mutual, for he suddenly put a muddy paw on the skirt of my suit and looked at me beseechingly. In spite of the mark his paw left, my heart warmed towards him.

Clearly, Paddy's owner was in the habit of letting him run in the park, probably through one of the little gates that led from the gardens straight out on to the grass. Could I pretend, just for a while, that he was mine and then return him through the appropriate little gate into his own garden? By then, with a bit of luck, Henry might have arrived at his sister's house.

"Fetch!" I commanded, picking up an ancient rubber ball lying in the grass and already bearing the imprint of countless canine teeth.

All might have gone well had it not been for the poodle. A small, brilliantly white animal who had, she seemed to think, a prior claim to the ball. Beating Paddy to it by a short and well-clipped head, she bared her teeth at him and stood her ground. Paddy, of course, kept his cool, but clearly considered right to be on his side. Without really trying, he put out a protesting paw and knocked the poodle for six.

THAT DID it. Within seconds I was in the middle of a genuine dog fight; no holds barred and no quarter asked or given. To me, it was a new and unpleasant experience, and, I rather suspected, to Paddy also. But the poodle was obviously loving every second.

Had it not been for the young man who suddenly materialised out of nowhere and seized her by the scruff of her shapely neck, anything could have happened. He held her in mid-air, as if she were a rabbit in a conjuring act and addressed her in tones of deep sorrow.

"I've told you before, Fifi, such behaviour in no way becomes a French *mademoiselle* of your breeding." He turned to me. "I'm so sorry! She can be a perfect little devil at times."

He looked a surprising owner for such a small and feminine animal, but I inclined my head graciously, accepting his apology on Paddy's behalf. The young man continued to look at me with a flattering interest. "Going for a stroll?" he inquired.

"Yes!" I was astonished to hear myself say. "Just a quick one with the dog."

"Good!" he said, inspecting Paddy gravely. Quite the friendliest animal, the setter nuzzled him affectionately.

"How old would he be?" the young man suddenly inquired.

The question caught me unawares. "Er—rising two," I said hurriedly, hoping he wasn't one of those clever people who can estimate a dog's age by the state of its teeth. Or was that horses?



I was delighted to hear him continue: "Shall we join forces? Fifi belongs to my aunt, whom I happen to be visiting, and she likes her to have a good run. They seem fairly friendly now." Fifi and Paddy, in fact, had progressed to nose rubbing terms. Within seconds, we were moving down a path between beds of tawny chrysanthemums and away from that accusing line of houses.

He was a nice looking, well-dressed young man, I decided, stealing a covert glance. His hair was almost the same glowing shade as Paddy's coat, and he wore a dark green jacket and elegant, paler khaki green slacks. His hazel eyes, I noticed as he turned towards me, had an upward tilt that gave him an endearing look.

In fact, I soon discovered, he was twenty-six years old, his name was Michael Foster, he was a qualified accountant and his family lived in Dorset. By the time I had given him a similar breakdown of myself, we had reached the iron railings at the park's extremity.

I glanced at my watch. With a sharp stab of guilt, I realised that my appointment with Henry's sister had gone completely out of my mind. Michael considered my

Continued overleaf

A WALK IN THE PARK

Continued

obvious agitation with his head on one side.

"You've just remembered you've left the gas on?" he suggested. "Or your mother waiting in Trafalgar Square?"

"Much worse!" I said. "I'm supposed to be going to tea with my friend and his sister."

"Oh, I see." The pause was minimal. "Well, can't they keep each other company, in that case? My Aunt Sophie," he added, "bakes a very passable ginger cake. And she lives just over there." He waved a vague hand in the general direction of that same row of houses in one of which, no doubt, Angela was already watching the cucumber sandwiches curl in protest at my lateness.

"So does Henry's sister," I said. "And I really ought to go." I looked at him despairingly and knew, whatever my conscience might say, I didn't in the least want to.

And then the heart-rending sobs of a child in distress came from the other side of a thicket of rhododendron.

"That's where the pond is!" said Michael, and was off like a flash, with me behind and the dogs zoning in from the nearby shrubbery.

IT WASN'T so much the child—the merest tot who should never have been there on his own, anyway—who was in trouble, we discovered; it was his boat, a neat little craft that lay becalmed in the centre of a large pond. Its owner had started out to rescue it but now, the water well up to his dimpled knees, was obviously regretting the impulse.

"It's all right, old chap!" Michael Foster, without even stopping to turn up his trouser legs, reached the sobbing child in two strides. "Help is at hand!" He took hold of the woebegone little boy and turned back to me. "Would you mind?"

The toddler put his arms trustfully around my neck and his very wet feet, still in their waterlogged Welly boots, around my middle. As we both watched Michael wade out to collect the little yacht, his sobs faded into tearful hiccoughs.

The dogs, of course, went too; the big setter paddling effortlessly, the tiny poodle swimming as if powered by clockwork. When, eventually, they all returned to dry land, we were immediately showered with muddy pond water.

Not that the child minded. He took back his boat with rapturous chuckles and lodged it firmly under my chin.

Michael inspected me. "You look like a very muddy mermaid," he said.

"You don't look so hot yourself," I observed. "Creatures of the deep, both of us."

"I'm not at all sure," he said, "that you're still suitably attired to go calling on strangers. Aunt Sophie, on the other hand, will adore you!" He cocked an eye at the child in my arms. "What should we do with this little fellow?"

Right on cue, a girl not much older than me suddenly galloped into view around the rhododendrons.

"Timmy! Oh, Timmy!" The next moment she was taking the damp little bundle from my arms. "He disappeared," she explained, almost hysterical with relief. "The baby crawled one way and he went off in the other. Thank you so much," she added gratefully.

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To Baby

An enchanting wardrobe for baby includes this delectable knitted shawl and a delightful sew-it-yourself layette pattern which is featured overleaf

MATERIALS: Nineteen 25 g balls of Hayfield Beaulon 3-ply; a pair of long No. 8 knitting needles or a No. 8 twin pin; a size 3.50 crochet hook.

TENSION AND SIZE: Worked at a tension of 23 stitches and 30 rows to measure 10 x 10 cm, over the knitted pattern using No. 8 needles, the shawl will measure 134 cm (52½ inches) x 131 cm (51½ inches), including edging.

ABBREVIATIONS: To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; s.k.p.o., slip 1, k. 1, pass the slipped st. over; p.s.s.o., pass the slipped st. over; sl. 2, k. 1, p.2.s.s.o., slip 2, k. 1, pass 2 slipped sts. over the k. 1; y.fwd., yarn forward to make a st.; sl.st., slip stitch; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; lp., loop.

Directions in brackets are worked the number of times stated after the last bracket.

THE CENTRE: With long No. 8 needles or No. 8 twin pin cast on 253 sts.

Foundation row: K. 1, p. until 1 st. remains, k. 1.

1st pattern row: K. 4, ** then * (k. 2 tog., y.fwd.) twice, k. 1, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 1, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., y.fwd., s.k.p.o., * k. 7, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 3, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 11; repeat from ** until 19 sts. remain, work from * to * once, k. 4.

2nd and every alternate row: K. 1, p. until 1 st. remains, k. 1.

3rd row: K. 3, ** then * (k. 2 tog., y.fwd.) twice, k. 1, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., y.fwd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., y.fwd., k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 1, (y.fwd., s.k.p.o.) twice *, k. 5, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 5, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 9; repeat from ** until 20 sts. remain, work from * to * once, k. 3.

5th row: K. 2, ** then * (k. 2 tog., y.fwd.) twice, k. 1, (y.fwd., s.k.p.o.) twice, k. 1, (k. 2 tog., y.fwd.) twice, k. 1, (y.fwd., s.k.p.o.) twice *, k. 3, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 7, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 7; repeat from ** until 21 sts. remain, work from * to * once, k. 2.

7th row: K. 1, ** then * (k. 2 tog., y.fwd.) twice, k. 3, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., y.fwd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., y.fwd., k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 3, (y.fwd., s.k.p.o.) twice *, k. 4, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 2, sl. 2, k. 1, p.2.s.s.o., k. 2, y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 8; repeat from ** until 22 sts. remain, work from * to * once, k. 1.

9th row: K. 1, ** then * (y.fwd., s.k.p.o.) twice, k. 2, (k. 2 tog., y.fwd.) twice, k. 1, (y.fwd., s.k.p.o.) twice, k. 2, (k. 2 tog.,

y.fwd.) twice *, k. 5, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 1, sl. 2, k. 1, p.2.s.s.o., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 9; repeat from ** until 22 sts. remain, work from * to * once, k. 1.

11th row: K. 2, ** then * (y.fwd., s.k.p.o.) twice, (k. 2 tog., y.fwd.) twice, k. 3, (y.fwd., s.k.p.o.) twice, (k. 2 tog., y.fwd.) twice *, k. 7, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., sl. 2, k. 1, p.2.s.s.o., y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 2, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 7; repeat from ** until 21 sts. remain, work from * to * once, k. 2.

13th row: K. 3, ** then * y.fwd., s.k.p.o., (k. 2 tog., y.fwd.) twice, k. 1, y.fwd., sl. 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., y.fwd., k. 1, (y.fwd., s.k.p.o.) twice, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., *, k. 9, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 1, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 7; repeat from ** until 20 sts. remain, work from * to * once, k. 3.

15th row: K. 4, ** work from * to * on 1st row, k. 11, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 3, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 7; repeat from ** until 19 sts. remain, work from * to * on 1st row, k. 4.

17th row: K. 3, ** work from * to * on 3rd row, k. 9, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 5, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 5; repeat from ** until 20 sts. remain, work from * to * on 3rd row, k. 3.

19th row: K. 2, ** work from * to * on 5th row, k. 7, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 7, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 3; repeat from ** until 21 sts. remain, work from * to * on 5th row, k. 2.

21st row: K. 1, ** work from * to * on 7th row, k. 8, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 2, sl. 2, k. 1, p.2.s.s.o., k. 2, y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 4; repeat from ** until 22 sts. remain, work from * to * on 7th row, k. 1.

23rd row: K. 1, ** work from * to * on 9th row, k. 9, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 1, sl. 2, k. 1, p.2.s.s.o., k. 1, y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 5; repeat from ** until 22 sts. remain, work from * to * on 9th row, k. 1.

25th row: K. 2, ** work from * to * on 11th row, k. 7, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 2, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., sl. 2, k. 1, p.2.s.s.o., y.fwd., k. 1, k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 7; repeat from ** until 21 sts. remain, work from * to * on 11th row, k. 2.

27th row: K. 3, ** work from * to * on 13th row, k. 7, (k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 1) twice, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 1, y.fwd., s.k.p.o., k. 2 tog., y.fwd., k. 9; repeat from ** until 20 sts. remain, work from * to * on 13th row, k. 3.

28th row: As 2nd row. These 28 rows form the pattern. Repeat

with Love

them 10 times, then the first 14 rows again.
Cast off.

THE CROCHET EDGING: With right side facing, rejoin yarn to any one corner, with size 3.50 hook, make 5 ch. for d.c. and 3 ch.lp., 1 d.c. into same place, ** then * 3 ch., miss 1.5 cm ($\frac{3}{8}$ inch) along side of centre, 1 d.c. into edge *, repeat from * to * along side to within 1.5 cm ($\frac{3}{8}$ inch) from corner, 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. all into corner; repeat from ** twice, work from * to * along last side, working a sl.st. into 2nd ch.

at beginning instead of last d.c.

Special note: When a round begins with a d.c., this is represented by 2 ch., when a round begins with a tr., work 3 ch.

1st round: Sl.st. into 1st lp., ** 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. all into corner lp., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next lp.; repeat from * to next corner, 3 ch.; repeat from ** 3 times, join.

2nd round: Sl.st. into 1st lp., ** 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. all into corner, 3 ch., then * 1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. all into next ch.lp.; repeat from * to next corner, 3 ch.; repeat from ** 3 times, join.

3rd and 4th rounds: As 1st round.

5th and 6th rounds: As 2nd round.

7th and 8th rounds: As 1st round.

9th to 11th rounds: As 2nd round.

12th and 13th rounds: As 1st round.

14th and 15th rounds: As 2nd round.

16th round: Sl.st. into 1st lp., ** 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. all into corner lp., 1 d.c. in next lp., * 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. all in next lp.; repeat from * to within 1 lp. of next corner, 1 d.c. in this lp.; repeat from ** 3 times, join and fasten off.

Do not press.



Fashion in Miniature

Our first-ever Bargain pattern for the family's new arrival—charming layette includes eight designs from an enchanting Christening robe to a snug little sleeping bag, especially chosen by Fashion Editor, Jill Cox

WOMAN'S WEEKLY SPECIAL PATTERN
No. B674. Price 42p.

SIZE: Birth to 9 months Postage and packing free	Fabric Width		Fabric Allowance	
	cm	in.	m	yd.
Christening Robe and Bonnet	112	44	1.90	2½
Short Dress	115	45	0.80	¾
Knickers (fabric allowance same for lining)	115	45	0.40	½
Angel top and Knickers	115	45	1.10	1½
Matinée Jacket	115	45	0.80	¾
Sleeping Bag	137	54	1.10	1½

SEWING clothes for the newly born baby is not only fun but makes sound economic sense in these days of rising prices. From the time baby is thought of, every mother and granny will happily busy themselves making our delightful capsule wardrobe.

This bumper value pattern has no less than eight designs which will please mums and delight the baby! Christening day is always a special occasion and our beautiful Christening gown will certainly set the scene with its delicate lace trimming and pretty pin tucks on the bodice which fall gently down to a marvellous array of flower motifs. Add the pretty bonnet and it's sure to be a family heirloom in years to come. The super angel top, so popular at the moment, looks delightful and there's also a sweet day dress with fashionable smocking detail. Both have matching knickers with side popper fastenings which makes for easy nappy changes and we made one pair with a towelling lining so essential at this stage. Partnering the dress is a matinée jacket which can be slipped on should the weather turn chilly. As embroidery is so popular and makes baby's clothes look so original we decided to use some simple designs on our jacket. Also included in this tremendous pattern is a snug sleeping bag, a nightdress and useful bib. This is an invaluable pattern which can be used over and over again.

The fabric details

These charming fabrics all come from a selection at John Lewis, Oxford Street, London W1. The delightful satin-look fabric used for the lining of the Christening robe is a Jonelle York Satin and is 90 cm (36 in.) wide, dry clean only and costs 99p a metre. The dress is a washable Polyester chiffon fabric, 112 cm (44 in.) wide and is also 99p a metre. The printed Clydella fabric used for the day dress is £2.65 a metre, 115 cm (45 in.) wide. The plain Clydella used for the matinée jacket comes in several colourways including our choice, pale pink. It is £1.95 a metre, 115 cm (45 in.) wide. We used a broderie Anglaise fabric also from John Lewis and Courtelle fleece from a selection at that store too. The lace trimming and ribbon are also available from John Lewis. Fabric samples are available upon request; postage and packing extra.

How to order your pattern. Fill in the coupon in capital letters, cut it out and send it with a cheque or postal order for the appropriate amount and made payable to IPC Magazines Ltd., and crossed "& Co." to WOMAN'S WEEKLY, Pattern Department (256), Rochester X, Kent ME99 1AA. This pattern is available only until April 9th, 1977.

PATTERN	PRICE	ONE SIZE ONLY	TOTAL ENCLOSED
Woman's Weekly B674	42p		
Name..... (in block letters)			
Address..... (in block letters)			
.....			
.....			
Please cut round broken line.			
From Woman's Weekly, Pattern Dept. (256), Rochester X, Kent ME99 1AA			



Snug little sleeping bag for keeping baby warm at night.



A pretty embroidered matinée jacket.



Demure angel top in charming broderie Anglaise.

A delightful easy-to-pop-on day dress.



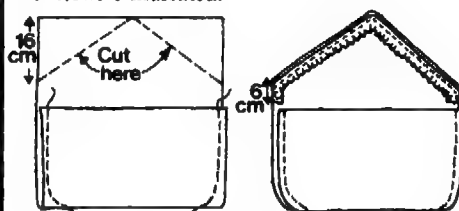
An enchanting Christening gown, for baby's "special" day.



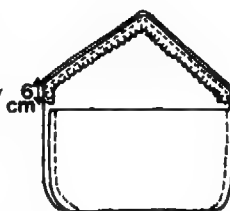
OUR COLLECTION of bedroom accessories was made from Liberty's Tana lawn but any fine dress fabric would be just as suitable.

Pot pourri and lavender can be collected and dried at home but if you don't have a garden you can buy both of these by post from Jacksons, Piccadilly, London W1. The pot pourri comes in a choice of three perfumes: Old Manor House, Cottage Garden or Sleep Herbs and costs 66p an ounce; the lavender flowers cost 50p an ounce, all plus 11½p postage and packing.

Note: Join pieces with right sides facing and taking 1 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.) seams except where otherwise indicated.



1 Join the sides curving the seam in to the lower edge, trim flap to a point.



2 Pin and tack the gathered lace round the edge of the flap.

THE NIGHTDRESS CASE

You will need: 40 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ yd.) each of 91 cm (36 in.) wide printed and plain fabric; 90 cm (1 yd.) of edging lace.

To make: Cut one 36 by 70 cm (14 by 27½ in.) rectangle each from printed and plain fabric. With right sides facing fold up one short end of the printed piece for 22.5 cm (8½ in.). Pin and sew down the sides starting 1 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.) in from the short edge and curving the seam in to the folded edge (see diagram 1). Trim the seam.

Trim the flap of the case to a point following diagram 1.

Prepare the plain piece in the same way for the lining and turn right side out.

Gather 90 cm (1 yd.) of edging lace and pin round the flap of the printed piece beginning and ending 6 cm (2½ in.) down the side edges (see diagram 2). Spread out the gathers evenly; tack lace in position.

Slip the lining piece inside the printed bag then with raw edges level join the two round flap. Trim seam, turn right side out.

Turn in 1 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.) along the remaining raw edges of the case and the lining and slip stitch together neatly.

THE PERFUMED SACHET

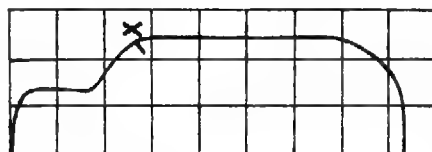
You will need: scraps of printed and plain fabric; 1.60 m (1½ yd.) of edging lace; 50 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ yd.) of insertion lace; pot pourri.

To make: For the sachet front, cut one rectangle of printed fabric 13 by 23 cm (5 by 9 in.) and two 9 by 23 cm (3½ by 9 in.). Join the rectangles along their long edges placing the largest in the centre and sewing insertion lace between each. For the back of the sachet cut a rectangle of plain fabric the same size as the finished front piece. Gather a 155 cm (61 in.) length of edging lace then pin it round the sachet front 5 mm ($\frac{1}{4}$ in.) in from the edge, arranging the gathers evenly. Machine the lace in position.

With right sides facing, join the sachet front and back sandwiching the lace frill between. Leave a small opening in one short edge. Turn the sachet right side out and press lightly. Fill with pot pourri then neatly slip stitch the opening.

A POT POURRI OF GIFTS

Choose diminutive prints in subtle colours to make this enchanting quintet of bedroom accessories. They are simple to sew and make delightful gifts



3 1 square equals 5 cm.

THE HOT WATER BOTTLE COVER

You will need: 50 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ yd.) of 91 cm (36 in.) wide plain fabric and 30 cm ($\frac{1}{4}$ yd.) of 91 cm (36 in.) wide quilting. (Or make your own from 30 cm ($\frac{1}{4}$ yd.) of 91 cm (36 in.) wide printed cotton and the same of Terylene wadding); elastic.

To make: If you are making your own quilting, pin the printed fabric over the wadding then sew diagonal rows of stitching 4 cm (1½ in.) apart to make diamond pattern.

Our pattern is for a hot water bottle measuring not more than 38 cm by 20.5 cm (15 by 8 in.). If your hot water bottle is larger than this just lengthen or widen the pattern to fit.

Copy the pattern shape from diagram 3 on to metric graph paper square by square (each square equals 5 cm) then with the straight edge of the pattern against the fold, cut two pieces from quilting and two from plain fabric. Join the plain (lining) and quilted pieces in pairs round the top edge between points X. Trim seams and clip into the seam allowance at both ends of the stitching. Turn right side out and press. Tack the lining and quilting together round the raw edges. With quilted sides out pin and sew the two lined pieces together round sides and lower edges between points X taking a 5 mm ($\frac{1}{4}$ in.) seam.

From plain fabric, cut a bias strip 4 cm (1½ in.) wide and 72 cm (28½ in.) long and bind the sides and lower edge of the cover to enclose all the raw edges.

For the elastic collar, cut a strip of plain fabric 4 cm (1½ in.) wide and 76 cm (30 in.) long. Fold the strip in half lengthways and machine close to long edge. Turn right side out and press. Insert 10 cm (4 in.) of elastic and join ends. Join raw edges of strip.

THE COATHANGER

You will need: a wooden coathanger; foam sheeting or Terylene wadding; about 10 cm (4 in.) of 91 cm (36 in.) wide printed fabric; about 55 cm (21½ in.) narrow ribbon; Copydex; dried lavender flowers.

To make: Cut a piece of foam sheeting or Terylene wadding the length of the coathanger and wide enough to go round it plus 1 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.) all round. Snip a small hole at the centre of the padding and slip the coathanger hook through it. Fold the padding round the hanger and glue it in place. Glue ribbon round hook beginning at the tip, then stitch a 14 cm (5½ in.) ribbon loop to base of hook.

Cut a fabric strip twice the hanger length and wide enough to go round it plus 1 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.); snip a hole at centre for hook. Turn in 5 mm ($\frac{1}{4}$ in.) all round and tack. Slip cover over hook, pin edges together. Gather close to edge through all thicknesses, pull gathers to fit, fasten off.

For lavender bag, cut a 15 cm (6 in.) diameter fabric circle with pinking shears. Gather round circle 2.5 cm (1 in.) in from edge. Pull up gathers, stuff centre firmly with lavender flowers. Pull up tightly and fasten off. Sew ribbon loop into top of bag.

THE TISSUES BOX COVER

You will need: 20 cm ($\frac{1}{4}$ yd.) each of 91 cm (36 in.) wide printed and plain fabric; 80 cm ($\frac{2}{3}$ yd.) lace; 50 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ yd.) elastic.

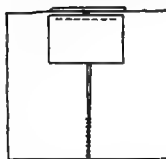
To make: From printed and plain fabric cut two rectangles each 18 by 28 cm (7 by 11 in.) and two end pieces 14 by 12 cm (5½ by 4½ in.). Join large rectangles in pairs, printed to plain down one long edge then, turn right sides out, re-fold along the seam lines and press. With folded edges level, slip stitch the two lined pieces together for 7 cm (2½ in.) from each end (see diagram 4).

Lay the printed end pieces centrally over the main piece with right sides facing and edges level. Pin and tack in position (see diagram 4). Position the plain end pieces in the same way on the wrong side of the main piece. Join end pieces to main piece machining through all thicknesses but leaving 1 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.) unsewn at either end (see diagram 4).

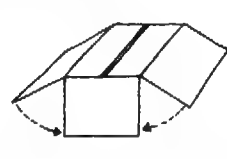
Bring the unsewn edges of the main piece level with the sides of the printed end pieces so that right sides are facing then pin and sew in position clipping the seam where necessary (see diagram 5). Turn in 1 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.) along the raw edges of the plain end pieces and slip stitch over seams.

Turn in and sew a 1 cm ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.) hem round lower edge of cover leaving a small opening. Insert 46 cm (18 in.) of elastic and join ends securely.

Trim cover with lace as shown.



4 Pin and machine the end pieces centrally to the main piece.



5 Join the unsewn edges of the main piece to the sides of the printed end piece.

SHOWN IN COLOUR OPPOSITE

The cane bedhead, dressing table and matching stool: all from a selection at John Lewis, Oxford Street, London W1. Wallpaper: Pattern S65 by Laura Ashley. Lamp, pictures, pink box and photograph frame: all from John Lewis.



How to start a WOMEN'S CLUB

Do you sometimes wish that you could make new friends, find fresh interests and get more enjoyment out of life? Then why not consider starting a small, friendly club in your neighbourhood? **CHRISTINE FAGG** tells you how

ALTHOUGH it may sound an ambitious thing to tackle, starting a club is surprisingly easy! Once you discuss the idea among friends and neighbours, you'll probably find they're just as keen and only too willing to help get a club on its feet.

Just think of the advantages that a club set in the heart of your own community would offer in these times of rising prices! There would be no transport costs; no expensive entrance tickets to buy; you could learn new crafts, listen to interesting speakers, run social events and help those less fortunate in the community as well as each other when the need arises. But, best of all, you'd strike up warm-hearted friendships, have a good laugh and, over those welcome cups of coffee, problems will fade and fresh ideas and activities open up your life and give it new meaning.

But how do you begin to set up a club? Who runs the meetings, finds the speakers and collects subscriptions? Let's take each step in simple stages.

HOW TO START

Chat about the idea to friends and neighbours, because you're bound to find at least one or two who are interested. They may feel a little apprehensive to begin with. Suggest they come to you for a cup of coffee one morning (or evening) to discuss the possibilities. Encourage them to bring friends who show enthusiasm.

Once you've arranged the date for the coffee morning, think about the kind of club that would be most likely to succeed in your particular neighbourhood. Do you live in a new town where most of the members would be newly-weds or mothers tied to the home with young children? Or is the age group predominantly older, or do most of the women living round you go out to work? Think about the particular needs of your community.

LETTER TO LOCAL NEWSPAPER

(ask editor to print this on correspondence page)

Dear Readers,

A few wives living on the Pedley Wood Estate would like to start a Women's Club and we are holding an informal meeting on Tuesday, March 30th. We would be delighted to welcome anybody who is interested to join us for a cup of coffee in my house at 14 Mansfield Way, Bramford, at 7.30 p.m.

We have lots of ideas for interesting activities, but would like your suggestions too. We've heard some people complain that living on this Estate is lonely. If so, this club should solve that problem. Do come along on Tuesday, March 30th and meet us!

Yours sincerely,

P.S. If you are unable to come to this meeting, but would like to know more, please ring Southbridge 4545.



When your friends arrive, discuss the possible aims and objects of a women's club. Having considered the matter beforehand, you will be in a position to introduce ideas which should then encourage them to open up and tell you what they think. Find out what they would like a club to offer and, most important of all, whether they are willing to lend a hand to get one going.

Before the meeting breaks up try to establish the following:

- (1) the aims and objects of the proposed club. These might be to provide friendship between members and families, to provide facilities for recreation and education and to improve conditions for women in your locality regardless of race, creed or party;
- (2) the promise of temporary assistance from one or two people present to help you in a friendly way through the next stage;
- (3) a date for the next informal meeting to be held either at your home or in one of your friends'. This should be arranged for at least one month ahead to give you time to find out about some of the mechanics of running a club.

SEEK ADVICE FROM PEOPLE IN AUTHORITY

At this stage, it's wise to have a chat with various people who know your area well. If you contact the Director of Social Services through your Town Hall or District Council Offices, he will refer you to a social worker who can help you. She may know if your section of the community is in need of a club and how best to publicise and run it in order to serve local needs. Also talk about the project to heads of local schools, nurses in charge of welfare and maternity clinics and the librarian, who may all be willing to help publicise a club.

Next, write to your local newspaper editor, enclosing a letter to readers and asking him to print it (See Box 1). Collect names and addresses of those who respond and if possible, call on them to persuade and welcome them to come to:

THE FIRST INFORMAL MEETING

Get down notes beforehand on what you will say. By now, you'll have collected a considerable amount of information on how you think a club should be run, but your visitors may not be clear on exactly what they want. So it's your job to help them sort out vague ideas and, by pooling them all, it should be possible to agree on a basis for forming a club that will please the majority.



See that each guest is welcomed individually and arrange for a friend to deal with coffee so that you're free to introduce guests to each other. This helps them to relax and be able to voice their own opinions later.

After coffee, put forward the suggestions and reasons why you think a club should be launched. Talk about the aims and objects of the proposed club and pass on advice and any offers of practical help you may have received. Then encourage visitors to have their say and discuss the project as fully as possible.

The next and most important step is to form a "caretaker" committee of three people, a chairman, secretary and treasurer (see Box 2) who will run the club for a period of 3-6 months until it is properly launched and an official committee is elected to take over.

At this stage, it will have to be decided whether you wish to remain a small informal group, meeting in each other's homes for just coffee and discussion, or whether to branch out and establish a larger and more permanent organisation. There is no reason why a club should not consist of a few members who get together each month, mainly to satisfy social needs. (See overleaf. How to start a small club). But on the other hand, there are many advantages to be gained from setting up a club as a more permanent organisation with a proper constitution and rules. What are they?

If you meet in a private house, membership will have to be restricted to the size of the room. Secondly, a home bears the personality of its owner, whereas a hall is a no-man's land which gives members freedom to say exactly what they think without offending a generous hostess. Also, an official club attracts better speakers and there will be more money available from subscriptions to pay them if necessary.

However, whether your club remains a small group or goes "public" much of the following information will apply, but let us assume in this article that you wish to set up the club officially. At this informal meeting, fix a date for a Public Inaugural Meeting and enlist some support. The following points should also be discussed.

Where and when will you hold future meetings? The Town Hall can supply information on rooms, halls and meeting places in the area. The times for meetings can be arranged to fit in with members' commitments, either in the morning, afternoon or even-



DUTIES OF COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Chairman should be able to take charge of meetings, make quick decisions, be good at handling people, keep order tactfully and introduce speakers.

Secretary books and prepares hall for meetings, and checks that committee members are doing their tasks. She also arranges for speakers, keeps a record of minutes of business and committee meetings as well as a list of members' names and addresses and notifies them of dates to remember.

Treasurer should be honest and have basic arithmetical ability. She keeps accurate record of accounts, pays speakers, hall fees, etc. and collects subscriptions.

ing, depending on the age group and the wishes of the majority. Consider how often you'll meet—weekly, fortnightly or monthly.

Discuss how the constitution and rules of the club should be worded and draw up a rough working guide allowing for new ideas to be incorporated later. (See Box 4.) The subscription too, should be considered but not fixed until the Inaugural Public Meeting takes place when costs have been worked out. It is advisable to keep the subscription as low as possible, so that hard-up potential members will not be discouraged from joining. Extra money can be raised by running fund-raising functions.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE INAUGURAL PUBLIC MEETING

First book the hall and make arrangements for helpers to serve coffee. Ask the treasurer to keep careful accounts of money spent out, so that expenses can be recouped later.

A duplicated notice giving information about the Meeting can be pushed through letter boxes in the area and distributed to as many women likely to be interested as possible. (Sometimes friendly newsgagents will pop notices into each newspaper they deliver). Home-made posters can be displayed—ask permission first, of course—in the public library, welfare clinics, shops used by women (hairdressers, supermarkets, etc.).

Continued overleaf



How to start a WOMEN'S CLUB

Continued



Invite the women's page editor of your local newspaper to come to the Meeting and suggest a feature be written about the proposed club. If particulars of the Meeting are given, too, this should attract a number of potential members. An advertisement placed in the personal column of the local newspaper and some cards in local show cases will help publicise the project too.

THE INAUGURAL PUBLIC MEETING

Arrange for one of your helpers to stand by the door to welcome guests and to ask each one to write her name and address in a notebook. The "caretaker" committee can sit at a table and, punctually, at the appointed time, the chairman should open the Meeting and give a description of the proposed society with its aims and objects. This can be followed by putting forward the suggestions made for running the club and planning the programmes. The proposed constitution, rules and the approximate figure for the subscription should also be read.

The Meeting is then thrown open to discussion and the committee should make a note of all suggestions put forward. When this has been done, the chairman asks for votes to be taken to adopt the aims and objects, constitution and subscription for the club. Votes can also be taken on all questions that arise, such as the time, date and place of future meetings. If possible the subscription, or part of it, should be collected so that the organisers have something in the kitty to defray expenses.

PLANNING THE PROGRAMMES

Now that the club is launched, the important thing is to ensure that meetings are lively and interesting. The "caretaker" committee should meet soon after the Inaugural Public Meeting to prepare the first few meetings.

HOW TO FIND THE SPEAKERS

Many nation-wide firms and organisations provide speakers, but until your club is well established it's wise to stick to those who live within striking distance, especially with the present high cost of travel. Once the club is going, try to plan at least six months to a year ahead, because popular speakers get very booked up.

First, contact the Town Hall or District Council Offices whose employees may well be willing to give talks. There is the librarian and curator, fire prevention officer, surveyor, housing officer, registrar of births and deaths, parks supervisor as well as the chairman and members of the local council. The Area Health Authority can sometimes provide speakers from its staff too, on such subjects as health in retirement, midwifery, child care, and child psychiatry.

HOW TO START A SMALL CLUB

1. Work out how many members can be accommodated in your home.
2. Write a letter to your local newspaper (see Box 1).
3. Decide on a day and time for meetings. These can be weekly, fortnightly or monthly.
4. Consider what you might do at meetings. Invite speakers? Run discussions? Organise craft evenings? See section on "Planning the programmes".
5. Elect a chairman, secretary and treasurer (see Box 2).
6. Fix a small regular subscription to cover basic expenses such as speakers, tea, coffee, biscuits and so on.
7. Discuss ways in which you might help each other (joining forces in taking children to and from school, baby sitting, etc).
8. Arrange a rota for making tea or coffee and washing up.

A DRAFT CONSTITUTION

1. Title
2. Aims and objects of a club
3. Membership (age range and who may join)
4. Subscription
5. Frequency of meetings
6. Officers required
7. Membership of committee. (The committee can be elected later in the ratio of one to every six to ten ordinary members)
8. Frequency of committee meetings
9. Method of nominating chairman, officers and committee
10. Length of time for holding office. (It is wise to have a rule that officers and members of committee serve for three years and have to stand down for one year before being eligible for re-election. This ensures new blood and develops leadership)
11. Arrangements for annual general meeting

And local branches of national charities are often pleased to send someone to women's clubs to talk about their particular cause.

Then there is the Local Education Department whose staff are all experts in some field. The head of a primary or comprehensive school might speak on children's education, the youth officer on his work with teenagers and a careers officer on training opportunities for school leavers. Teachers themselves can also be approached to speak on a whole range of specialist subjects from cooking and crafts, to history and environmental studies.

Consider inviting other people who work locally such as the postmaster, bank manager, members of the police force, British Railways and the gas and electricity boards. The manager of a dress shop may be able to provide a fashion show, a wine shop a "wine tasting", and many travel agents are delighted to put on film shows illustrating holiday areas.

Your library will have a list giving particulars of other local clubs. Why not ask a specialist from the flower club or keep fit class to give a demonstration? There may also be music, art, photography, poetry, bee keeping and other societies willing to visit your club to give a talk.

Finally, keep your ear to the ground for well-recommended speakers who have entertained other clubs and remember that local newspapers offer a wealth of rich material.

Other ideas for programme activities will spring from members' personal interests and wishes. Once the club is going, pass round a suggestion box so that everybody can write down their ideas on a piece of paper and place them inside. Members can then get together and form small groups to pursue special interests which may be drama, singing, rambling, visiting places of interest, running discussions and debates, and so on.

AVOIDING PITFALLS

Why do some clubs thrive and others fail? Most societies go through bad patches for one reason or another and here are some tips to keep things running smoothly.

At the beginning of each club year, provide a printed card (or duplicated notice) giving dates and brief details of meetings. This makes all the difference to attendance figures.

The committee should make a real effort at meetings to welcome and talk to members by name. Try also to make each person feel she has something special to offer the club. And if people don't turn up, take the trouble to find out why.

Important announcements should be made twice, because often they're not heard properly the first time. If members don't volunteer to help run a project, ask them individually and after the event be generous with sincere praise and thanks.

HOW TO ATTRACT NEW MEMBERS

From time to time it pays handsomely to run a membership drive. All clubs need fresh blood to stimulate and generate new ideas. Members can be asked to make personal calls on people in the neighbourhood, particularly new residents who might be interested but shy of coming to a meeting alone.

Another very successful way to enrol new members is to hold a guest evening. Each member invites a friend, relative or neighbour to a special meeting where a good speaker, refreshments and some form of entertainment are offered free of charge.

The success of any club will depend to a great extent upon the energy and enthusiasm that the committee and members put into it. But if you are the one to have the courage to start a new club, you'll be richly rewarded. Boredom will be banished forever, you'll find yourself constantly breaking fresh ground, meeting new people and doing the kind of things you never dreamt were possible. Why not have a go?

This is Gilly Walters first 'All-In-One' cake. Surprised? So was she.

Gilly has always been a good cook. But when it came to baking, she'd never tried anything fancier than a plain sandwich cake.

Then one day she found the Stork 'All-In-One' recipe for this rather splendid Seville Surprise.

It looked easier than the easiest cake she'd ever baked. She wondered if

it were really possible to mix all the ingredients together at once, without all the creaming, beating and separating.

It is possible.

Gilly says she'd never baked a cake so light, probably because she'd never used anything that blended as smoothly and easily as Stork margarine.



Seville Surprise

IMPERIAL/METRIC

4 oz./125 g. Stork Margarine,
4 oz./125 g. castor sugar, 2 eggs, large
4 oz./125 g. self-raising flour
1 level teaspoon baking powder } sieved together
Grated rind of 1 orange

STORK ICING

3 oz./75 g. Stork Margarine
8 oz./225 g. icing sugar, sieved } beat together until smooth
2 tablespoons milk
Chopped walnuts and mandarin oranges, to decorate.

ALL-IN-ONE METHOD

Place all ingredients in mixing bowl, beat with a wooden spoon (2-3 minutes) until well mixed. Place mixture in a greased and bottom-lined 1 lb. loaf tin. Bake in middle of pre-heated oven (325°F, 160°C, Gas Mark 3) 1-1½ hours. Turn out, remove paper and cool.

DECORATION

Split the cake in half and sandwich with some of the icing. Spread a little icing around sides of cake and coat with chopped walnuts. Spread and pipe remaining icing on top of cake and arrange the mandarin segments in three rows.

STORK MARGARINE

HOW THE STORY BEGAN

As the plane took off from Grantwick, bound for New York, I discovered with dismay that the all-important check captain on this flight, whose job it was to test the crew's efficiency, was the formidable CAPTAIN SIMON DEXTER, a man I had sworn to avoid at all costs, ever since I had joined Worldways Airline three months ago as a stewardess. Seven years ago, my sister LOIS had fallen in love with this attractive, forceful man, and my family and the whole village of Medhurst, where my father was rector, had rejoiced with her and anticipated wedding bells. Then, inexplicably, he had jilted her. It had taken two years before my lovely sister had recovered, then she'd met DWIGHT CHESTERTON, an amiable American, married him, and they now lived on the Caribbean island of Carraquilla.

The captain on this flight was PAUL LA ROCHE, a dashing French-Canadian from a wealthy, influential family, who had always been flatteringly attentive to me. He came through this testing flight literally with flying colours, and his relief was so great that on landing he so far forgot strict air crew regulations as to seize me and kiss me enthusiastically. Unhappily, Dexter was a disapproving witness to this lapse, but, unblushingly, Paul offered the only acceptable excuse available. "Miss Morton," he said, "has consented to be my wife." There was nothing I could do to refute this without making endless trouble for Paul. CORINNE, one of my flatmates and ever Dexter's admiring lieutenant, organised an engagement party, and JAN, the third flat-sharer, warned me against Paul's undoubted charm, but it was left to Dexter, of course, to complete my discomfiture. Urbanely, like anyone's favourite uncle, he announced that he had changed our roster so that Paul and I could fly to Montreal together, for me to meet my future in-laws! But in Montreal, Paul and I somehow managed to evade the watchful eye of MR. WATSON, a chief steward to whom Dexter's word was law, and we spent the weekend, quite innocently at a ski resort. It was the worst possible luck that Simon Dexter also chose that hotel for a quiet few days' fishing. It was the final straw. Back in London, I told Paul that our fictitious engagement was at an end.

My next trip was to New York, with Simon Dexter as Captain. On our first free day there I felt restless and unhappy, remembering that crazy, colourful trip when Paul and I had become "engaged". Riding down in the lift with Simon Dexter, I was amazed to find him gentle and sympathetic about my broken love affair. To my never-ending shame, I burst into tears.

Alathea continues her story

CONTINUING BETTY BEATY'S COLOURFUL NOVEL

FLY AWAY LOVE

It just wasn't good enough!
Simon Dexter might offer explanations
and near-excuses for his past
behaviour, but how could I accept
them? Perhaps I knew how
vulnerable I would be without my
shield of antagonism . . .

I SUPPOSE the average man would have hesitated as to what to do with a girl trying hastily to dry her eyes in a crowded hotel foyer, especially if that man were a very important airline captain, and the girl a junior stewardess. But not Simon Dexter. In a blur like an accelerated film clip, I was dimly aware of prompt and decisive action—of the obsequious, tall-hatted commissionaire, and a taxi summoned from the New York streets at the snap of a finger.

I was not so dimly aware of Dexter's profile in the taxi, of wiping my eyes with a handkerchief too large to be mine. And acutely aware that he covered my hand with his. His hand was warm, friendly,

comforting and big-brotherly, and the touch of it made me weep even more.

He didn't attempt to stop my tears or to offer words of comfort or advice, though the clasp on my hand tightened, and the fist of his free hand lying idly on his knee for some reason clenched.

"I'm not crying because of Paul and me," I distinctly remember muttering when we left the taxi at the pier at West 42nd Street. "At least not entirely," I added in all truthfulness.

Oddly enough I don't ever remember asking Dexter where he was taking me.

Dry-eyed at last, I watched him buy two tickets from the pier booking kiosk. When

Continued overleaf



ILLUSTRATED BY WILL DAVIES



FLY AWAY LOVE

Continued

he waved me towards a chuffy, red-funnelled steamer, meekly, as in a trance, I walked beside him and up the short gang-plank to the boat.

"There's usually more than one reason for tears," Dexter said quietly and reasonably as we crossed towards the steps arrowed "Observation Deck". He glanced down thoughtfully at my face.

I nodded.

"You were tired, for instance," he said, as we sat ourselves down on the deserted top deck. "Yes," I agreed meekly. "You'd flown with the sun, and your individual time-clock was all mixed up. Perhaps you were even a bit lonely."

He stared down at me, brows raised, but I averted my eyes.

I nodded.

"Those reasons come into it." But there were others, worse reasons. I cried a little for Paul and the engagement that never was. I cried at that half-sympathetic, half-exasperated, wholly elder brother look in Dexter's eyes. I cried because I resented and hated him.

But I cried most of all because suddenly I didn't hate him nearly enough.

Half an hour later in mid-Hudson river I began to discover that I didn't hate Simon Dexter at all. I felt a little lost without the shield of my antipathy, and immensely vulnerable. For I also began to discover why Lois and Corinne had fallen in love with him, why he could be so attractive, and therefore dangerous.

He was no easy charmer in the surface sense. He hadn't Paul's slightly extravagant ways. Compliments didn't fall from his lips. Dexter's charm was far more unobtrusive and subtle. Especially that day, to rather unsure and woebegone me. From him emanated an aura of masculine strength, of protectiveness, and had I not known better, of caring. An impression that his yea was yea and his nay nay and that what he said he meant. All an illusion of course. Not done by mirrors but by one of those unkind tricks of Nature that make polar bears look cuddly.

And sitting there beside him, with the salt wind whipping my hair, the sunlit Manhattan skyline diminished by distance and gilded with light, an insidious sense of well-being—of blind security almost—overcame me.

Suddenly I liked being tucked close beside him. His substantial shoulder, which was just level with my cheek, felt shielding and safe. His hands rested idly on the knees of his well worn blue jeans. Out of uniform, he seemed somehow to become the old Simon Dexter that the young me had thought she'd known. And when a tendril of my hair flicked suddenly across his chin, he turned to me, and gave a sudden sweet smile that sent my pulses racing. So much so that I had to repeat the names of Lois and Corinne over to myself, the way Odysseus had plugged up his ears against the sirens' song.

Throughout that memorable boat trip, Simon and I remained the solitary occupants of the observation deck. What few other passengers the steamer carried, were gathered round the hot dog and coffee kiosk on the covered-in deck below. Yet Simon Dexter, perhaps sensing my ambivalence or remaining strictly faithful to Corinne, kept the conversation safely on the scenery and sights. Predictably, he was an excellent guide. As the steamer skirted the Statue of

Continued overleaf

A MAN I know, with a small business, was telling me of one of those dire emergencies which can occur, however well-laid the plans of mice and men, and how splendidly his staff had coped with a succession of disasters, filling an important order when failure to do so would have put the firm in jeopardy.

They had been wonderful, he said, giving me chapter and verse of break-downs, non-deliveries and all the rest of it, and how his employees had worked willingly and cheerfully all hours until they made good the deficiencies and achieved the seemingly impossible.

"I'm very lucky in my staff at present," he said, "and my one hope is that I can hang on to them. There isn't one of them I can't depend on to do a good job. One might expect that, when things are jogging along normally with no special demands being made on them. But it's at times like this that you find out how good anyone really is, and the stuff they're made of."

Do you agree with that? Do you think that how one behaves in an emergency is the true test of worth?

I have never forgotten the remarks once made by an old friend, also a businessman, which do not wholly support this opinion.

He had given his nephew a job when, at an early age, the latter announced that he was sick of school and was leaving, despite his parents' wishes. The school, one gathered, was as sick of this idle, bored, restless pupil as he was of it, and doubtless glad to be spared writing those unvarying reports which read: "Could do better, but he refuses to apply himself."

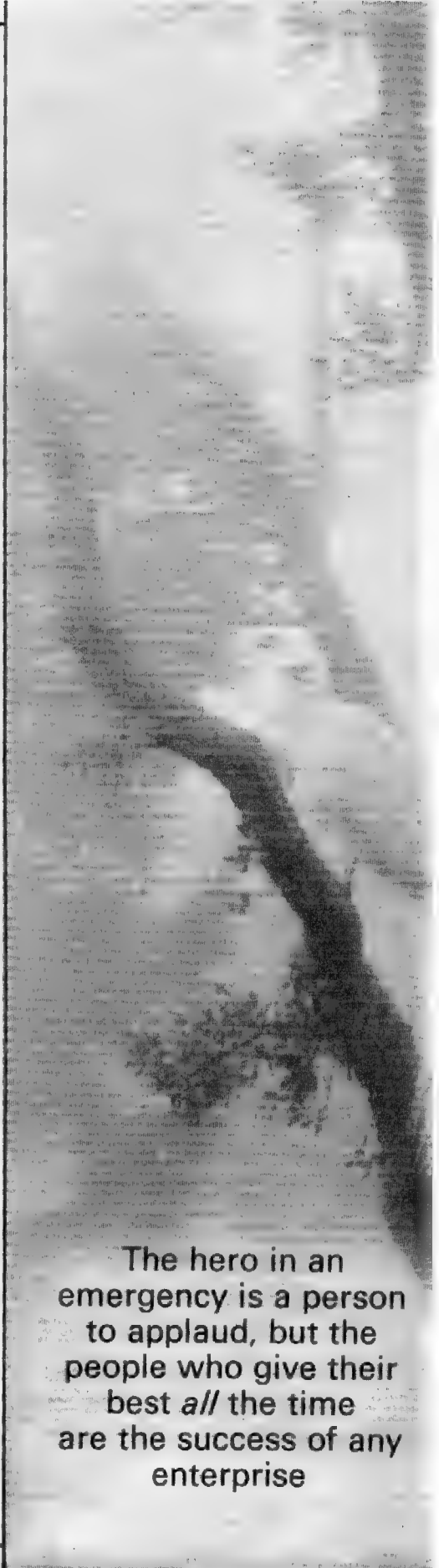
After a year of him, Uncle was ready to write the same report, but his nephew, as sick of uncle's business by then as he had been of school, left of his own accord, as he left or was sacked from many jobs throughout the years which followed. Peter was bright enough, his uncle once told me, and he started off well. "I had great hopes of him when he first came to me. But once the novelty wore off he lost interest and after that I got nothing out of him."

THE FIRE

This was shortly before the incident which was to give his nephew a moment of fame. No longer such a young man, he was once more sick of his job, "always the same old boring thing". But before he could give in, or be given his notice, a fire broke out in the administrative section of the firm where he was employed as an office clerk and, behaving splendidly in this emergency, Peter not only dragged his boss, an elderly man overcome by the smoke, to safety, but returned, at considerable risk to himself, to salvage documents important to the firm.

He was praised in the local paper for his admirable behaviour, which gratified us all, and did not surprise his fond mother who said to us that Peter had always been "like that", even as a little boy. And told us relevant anecdotes of Peter's rising to the occasion when some unexpected and exceptional demand was made on him. "Peter is always at his best in an emergency," she said with pardonable pride.

Only uncle struck a sour note, saying that most people were. But it was hard lines on an employer if the building had to burn down to get any good out of Peter. In his view, splendid though it is to be depended upon to behave well in an emergency, it's even more important to behave well and be depended upon to do your



The hero in an emergency is a person to applaud, but the people who give their best *all* the time are the success of any enterprise



LOOKING AT LIFE WITH THE MAN-WHO-SEES

A MOMENT OF FAME

best when there's no emergency. Which is most of the time.

There are, of course, people who are unco-operative if asked for extra effort when things go wrong, or if thrown off course by an emergency, are bewildered and useless. And, if there is an element of danger, some go to pieces. But, on the whole, most people respond admirably to exceptional demands made upon them, at work, or in any area of living, when they are gripped by the feeling of emergency. Any of you who are old enough to remember the war, will remember how your friends and neighbours and probably you yourself, were then. From being ordinary little human bundles of complaints and grumbles, fears and selfishness, feeling the prick of every thorn which stuck into you, you became better than your previously dreamed-of best, no work too arduous, no demands made on you "unfair", no imposed hardship or sacrifices intolerable. And there were millions like you, all behaving splendidly in the emergency of war.

We are caught up in a special atmosphere, lifted up, given what one might call "a shot in the arm" by some crisis, at home or at work, or anywhere, pleasant or unpleasant, major or minor, but having that one essential quality of the unusual, the extraordinary. We are being asked to do something which is not run of the mill, not what we are being asked to do, day in and day out, and this is stimulating.

The trouble is that life is not just a series of emergencies and unusual happenings, of leaps from peak to peak either in one's working, or one's private life, and it is how good we are in those long, uneventful patches which is the test of our worth, as workers, as friends, as wives and mothers, as human beings.

COMPANY ANGEL

If a lonely neighbour is sadly stricken one might notice it and rise wonderfully to the occasion, get her to hospital, take over, give all your time and help to her affairs. But for the rest of all the years the poor soul is barely given a greeting or a cup of tea. Or perhaps a woman might be what we used to call a "company angel". When there are guests, or if she goes to a party no one is more charming, beautifully dressed, attractive and amusing and, as I once heard a man say of one of these, "what fun it must be, being married to her!" On the contrary. I knew her husband and he had to put in the work of the world to get her to show any vivacity at home, where she tended to exhibit only boredom and complaint.

I remember, too, a woman who found the means to rush off to Florence to help in the salvaging of the treasures there after the destructive floods, where she worked like a beaver. At which those who knew her at home expressed surprise since, in her normal life she would not do a hand's turn for anyone.

The desire for excitement, for the unusual event is deep seated in all of us. But much that is natural to human beings can be, let us say, inconvenient, and, like so much else, this desire for the stimulus of the unusual, the extraordinary event, must be harnessed. If we let it ride us, we can make a poor affair of working and living—if, too seldom at our best and doing our best, unable to find joy in the commonplace, we are too often bored, negligent, grumbling, depressed and depressing.



The fabric and colours
 Our luxurious jersey velour is washable and is 80 per cent cotton/20 per cent nylon. There are three colours to choose from: Chocolate, Bottle Green and Navy.



**A SUPERB READY-TO-WEAR FASHION OFFER
THAT COMBINES ELEGANCE WITH COMFORT**

PLUSH DRESSING!

The pinafore dress—a modern classic—takes on a new look this season with the latest straight-across neck and extended shoulder line. Add to this simple and flattering design a gorgeous plush fabric like our velour jersey and you have Fashion Editor, Jill Cox's recipe for the one garment you can't afford to be without



Pinafore dress in six sizes (up to size 20) Three rich colours Price £8-50

SUPER SOFT, super flattering and super useful—that's our lovely special offer pinafore dress. To illustrate its versatility, here are just a few of the ideas we thought up for ways to wear it. Choose a crisp shirt-style blouse in a toning or contrast colour for everyday wear, or wear it atop a fine polo neck sweater and dress it up with chains or beads for a more formal look. Alternatively, wear it over a stripy polo neck in toning colours. And, of course, your pinafore dress would look stunning worn on its own for evening with perhaps a gilt brooch pinned on one shoulder. The dress has a centre back seam and side bust darts and is drawn in at the waist with a soft tie belt, held in place with belt carriers. There are small slits in the side seams at the hemline which are top-stitched, as are the deep armholes.

TO ORDER YOUR DRESS

You will find the coupon to be filled in on page 60. Remittances must be by postal order or cheque (name and address on back of cheques please) crossed, and made payable to IPC Magazines Ltd. This offer is open to readers in England, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland and Channel Islands only. It is not available in Eire or overseas. Orders are normally despatched within 28 days but please allow time for carriage. You will be notified if a longer delay may be expected.

Size	10	12	14	16	18	20
Bust	83 (32½)	87 (34)	92 (36)	97 (38)	102 (40)	107 (42)
Hips	88 (34½)	92 (36)	97 (38)	102 (40)	107 (42)	112 (44)
Length	107 (42)	107 (42)	107 (42)	109 (43)	109 (43)	109 (43)
Price	All sizes £8-50					

The sizes are in centimetres (approximate inches in brackets).

FLY AWAY LOVE Continued

Liberty, he told me it was the masterpiece of Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, and a gift from the people of France to the people of America.

Having brought the French into the conversation, I wondered if he might go on to mention French-Canadians, and from French-Canadians in general to Paul in particular. When he didn't, I found myself laughing with relief as I stared up at the ant-sized sightseers, crawling high up in the Statue's Torch of Freedom.

"It's a long time since I've heard that sound," Simon remarked.

"What sound?" I looked round at him questioningly.

"Your laughter."

"Oh." I blushed, not sure what to make of that comment.

"You used to laugh a lot when you were a small girl."

"Did I?" My blush deepened this time with pleasure. "I didn't know . . ." I was going to say—"that you remembered"—but I stopped in time.

"After all," he looked down at his hands diffidently, as if this sort of talk wasn't really his line of country, "nothing is so bad as it first seems." He glanced at me sideways, brows slightly raised. "Is it?"

"No." I shook my head cautiously, not sure if he was talking about my broken engagement or Lois's broken heart.

"People's hearts have a remarkable capacity for recovery."

I said nothing. And he didn't appear to expect an answer.

After a moment's uncomfortable silence, he was pointing out Ellis Island, giving me a potted version of its history, summing up that history with a shake of his head and the information that once it had been a gateway to freedom, and then a prison.

Was I meant to make something of that, I wondered, in the light of his previous remarks and the intent way he suddenly looked at me? That life often comes full circle, from freedom to a prison. That love could be a prison. From which, he, Dexter, had been lucky enough to escape?

"Is that what you tell yourself?" I asked. "That everything changes. People get over things."

The steamer had turned and we were chugging towards the confluence of the Hudson and East rivers. Now we had started to go under the first of the immense bridges that join the island of Manhattan with the suburbs of New York.

"I don't tell myself anything of the sort, Alatheia. I don't have to. I see it with my own eyes."

"People aren't as shallow as you think they are," I replied, my mood of well-being dissolving.

We continued up river in silence. I let the tallest building in New York drift past my eyes unadmired and unmourned.

"I'm not saying anyone is shallow," Dexter said tersely.

"Aren't you?"

"No. I'm saying that when you're young, you can make mistakes, Alatheia. Especially in human relationships. You can mistake the illusion for reality. But—" he spread his hands—"you get over it."

So there it was; his near explanation of his affair with my sister. It had been an illusion. A mistake. From which they'd now recovered.

Well, it wasn't good enough. I felt his

Continued overleaf

FLY AWAY LOVE

Continued

eyes on my face, watching my reaction intently. I avoided them. I looked at the fine steel bridge now almost above us. I looked down at my guide book which said that in building it the engineers had had to contend with currents and tides, unyielding rocks and shifting sands. I looked back at the bridge again. I registered that no bridge could ever be built that would span the differences between Dexter and me.

"But what," I asked him in a slow, deliberate voice, "if one of them isn't an illusion? It is the real thing." My voice broke as I thought of poor Lois. "And she," I said that with unmistakable emphasis, "still goes on loving, even if he doesn't."

Dexter said nothing for a moment. Like me, he kept his eyes on the bridge. High in the sky above us, over its arch streamed vivid lanes of many-coloured cars. Their windscreens split the spectrum in the sunlight. Their colours merged with movement so that the whole bridge looked like some indestructible, man-made rainbow.

"Are you sure that's how it is, Alatheia?" Simon Dexter asked me at last in an expressionless voice.

I looked down at my clasped hands. "Yes. That's how it is."

Some tension between Simon Dexter and me gave my words a resonance and finality that echoed harshly, even in my own ears. He seemed to wait for it to die away before he spoke. Then he said quietly, "I am very sorry." He shrugged and paused again. "Perhaps after a time..."

"No," I denied quickly, mindful, even as I spoke, that I was espousing Lois's lost cause with a greater vehemence and bitterness than if it had been my own. "Not after any time. You don't understand. I hope one day you do. I hope one day that you fall in love with someone—" I snapped my fingers—"who doesn't give a damn for you."

AND THEN everything happened very quickly, as if my anger and bitterness had sparked off some answering and violent reaction in him. He leapt to his feet, and, abruptly and roughly, seized me. His hands grabbed my upper arms, and dragged me out of my chair. I fell heavily against his chest, but I had neither time nor breath to exclaim.

Almost immediately came a sharp, metallic crack and then the whoosh of a small explosion. I felt something like fizzy rain fall on my cheeks.

I heard Dexter swear in a low, furious voice. I felt his indrawn breath as he controlled his anger. Then came the sound of something metal rolling. Turning my head with difficulty, I saw, of all things, a split-open Coca-Cola can, trailing a little puddle of fizzing Coke.

I let out a sudden hysterical little laugh, and Dexter put me away from him, but gently this time. He set me back into my chair, and pointed to a small gash in the wood of the deck-house.

"I don't suppose it would have hit you, but it might have." He picked up the can, which was crumpled and telescoped by impact.

"Where did it come from?"

"The bridge. Some kid or other from one of the cars." He pointed upwards with the can. "I'd like to get my hands on him for a couple of minutes," he went on grimly. "They have whopping fines for this sort of thing. The river police do what they can, but people still do it. It's highly dangerous."

Continued on page 64



BREAD WINNERS

Fill your home with the gorgeous aroma of freshly baked bread. There's a short cut method that saves time but still gives superb results.

These recipes and some of next week's cheese and wine party ideas will be demonstrated in a number of places round the country by Janet Warren

Traditional Bread making

This amount of dough will make 2 large or 4 small loaves

3 lb. McDougalls Country Life Strong White Flour

1 level tablespoon salt

2 oz. Anchor New Zealand Butter

1 oz. dried yeast (see note for fresh yeast)

1½ pints tepid water

1 level dessertspoon caster sugar

FRESH YEAST

Use twice the quantity of fresh yeast to dried—so 2 oz. is required for 3 lb. flour. Mix it into half the amount of tepid water at the first stage, then add it to the flour with the other ingredients and mix to a dough.

Dissolve the sugar in ¼ pint of tepid water, sprinkle over the dried yeast, then leave the jug in a warm place for about 10 minutes for the yeast to dissolve—it is ready when there is a good froth on top.

Meanwhile, tip the flour on to a working surface, mix in the salt, then rub in

the butter until evenly distributed. Form the flour into a ring and tip the dissolved yeast into the centre with the remaining tepid water. Flick the flour from around the edge of the ring into the centre, working it into the liquid with the other hand. When the flour has absorbed enough liquid to make a soft dough, work in the rest of the flour using both hands. Knead the dough, using the heel of one hand to bring the outside of the dough into the centre and turning the dough round continually with the other hand. (There should be no need for any extra flour on the working surface.) After 5 to 10 minutes' kneading, when the dough should have an even smooth surface, form it into a round. Oil a polythene bag by pouring a few drops into it and then rubbing the inside together so that the oil covers them. Put the dough into the bag, tie it loosely and leave the dough in a warm place to prove for about 45 minutes or until it has doubled in size. Turn the dough on to a lightly floured surface and knead it gently so that it returns to its original size—the dough is now ready to shape.

Short cut Bread making

Makes 2 large or 4 small loaves

The addition of Vitamin C (ascorbic acid) speeds up the bread making process and means the first prove can be omitted.

For 3 lb. McDougall's Country Life flour, use one 50 mg Vitamin C tablet (available from most chemists) and crush it between 2 teaspoons into the tepid water just before adding the yeast. Leave the mixture for

about 10 minutes for the yeast and the tablet to dissolve. Follow the ordinary method of bread-making until the dough is ready for its first prove, omit this stage and proceed immediately to shaping the loaves. When you leave them to prove, you may find they take a little longer at this stage than the ordinary method. Bake as described for the various shaped loaves.

More recipes overleaf



BREAD WINNERS

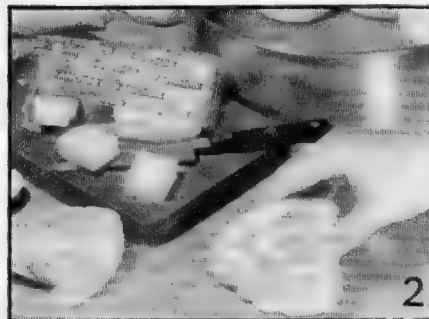
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Shaping the loaves



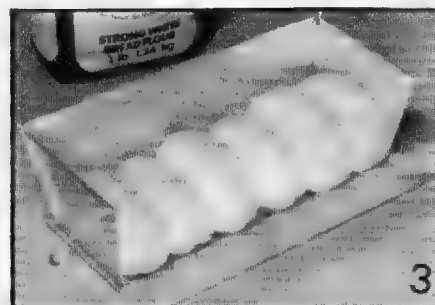
TIN. Grease the loaf tin with a little melted fat. Take a quarter of the dough for 1 lb. tin or half the dough for a 2 lb. tin and punch it into a rectangle, the length of the tin and three times the width. Fold the dough into three. Pick the dough up, turn it over, then drop it into the tin with the folds underneath, turning the ends under to give the loaf a good rounded top. Beat an egg with some salt and brush a little over the surface for gloss. Prove the loaf again in a warm place for about 20 minutes or until it stands $\frac{1}{2}$ inch above the sides of the tin. Bake the loaf in a very hot oven, gas mark 8 or $450^{\circ}\text{F}/230^{\circ}\text{C}$. The 2 lb. loaf will take 35 minutes, the 1 lb. loaf 25 to 30 minutes. To test if the loaves are cooked, remove them from the tin and tap the base—if the loaf sounds hollow it is ready. Leave it on a wire tray to cool.

COTTAGE. Using half the dough, cut off a third and keep it covered for the top. Knead the remaining two-thirds lightly and punch it into a 7 inch round. Lift this on to a lightly greased baking tray. Knead the remaining piece of dough and shape it into a round, just under 4 inches in diameter. Moisten the centre of the dough on the tray with a little cold water, then lift the small round on top. Dip the end of a wooden spoon into some flour, then push it through the centre of the 2 rounds right down to the baking tray—this helps the 2 pieces of dough stick together. Then, using a pair of scissors, snip the small round in 6 places (see photo 1). Sprinkle the loaf with flour and leave it in a warm place to prove for about 25 minutes. Bake the loaf on the centre shelf of a very hot oven, gas mark 8 or $450^{\circ}\text{F}/230^{\circ}\text{C}$, for 35 to 40 minutes until it sounds hollow when tapped on base.



CROWN. Using half the dough, divide it into 10 pieces and knead each one into a round. Place $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. piece of Anchor New Zealand Cheddar Cheese in the centre of each round and draw the dough over it. Turn it over and roll each piece into a ball (see photo 2). Lightly grease a 10 inch round cake tin and place the rolls in it with 7 around the edge and 3 in the centre. Brush the surface with egg glaze and scatter over a few sesame seeds. Prove the loaf for 30 to 35 minutes and when it has almost

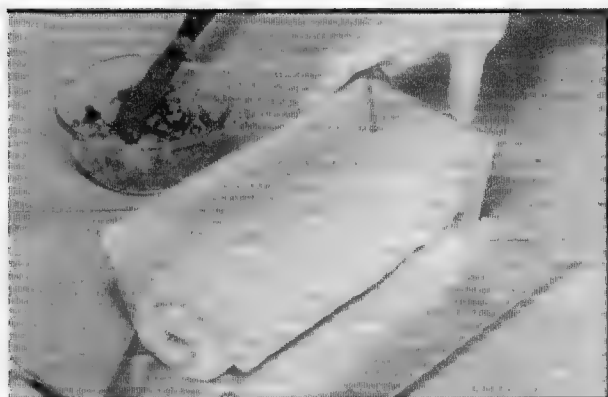
doubled in size, bake the loaf on the centre shelf of a very hot oven, gas mark 8 or $450^{\circ}\text{F}/230^{\circ}\text{C}$, for 35 to 40 minutes or until it sounds hollow when tapped on the base.



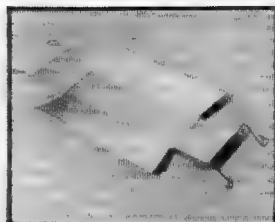
CATERPILLAR. Using a quarter of the dough, divide it into 6 even pieces, knead each one lightly and form them into rounds. Lightly grease a 2 lb. loaf tin, place the rounds in the base—close up the tin if using our loaf tin offer—(see photo 3). Brush the loaf with egg glaze, then leave it in a warm place to prove for 25 to 30 minutes. When the loaf has almost doubled in size, bake it on the centre shelf of a very hot oven, gas mark 8 or $450^{\circ}\text{F}/230^{\circ}\text{C}$, for 25 to 30 minutes or until the loaf sounds hollow when tapped on the base.

CHOLLA. Using half the dough, divide it into 4 even pieces. Roll each piece into a 15 inch length, making the rolls slightly fatter in the centre. Join all the rolls together at one end then plait them as follows: Strand 2 over strand 3. Strand 4 in between 1 and 2, then lay strand 1 between 3 and 4 (see photo 4). Continue in this way until the strands have all been plaited. Lift the loaf on to a lightly greased baking tray, tuck under each end to neaten the loaf, then brush the surface with egg glaze and sprinkle with poppy seeds. Leave the loaf to prove for 25 minutes, then bake on the centre shelf of a very hot oven, gas mark 8 or $450^{\circ}\text{F}/230^{\circ}\text{C}$, for 30 minutes.

A REAL TREASURE



The tin is approximately $23\frac{1}{2}$ cm ($9\frac{1}{2}$ in.) long by $9\frac{1}{2}$ cm ($3\frac{1}{2}$ in.) wide at the top, tapering to 22 cm ($8\frac{1}{2}$ in.) by 8 cm ($3\frac{1}{2}$ in.) at the base. The depth is approximately 7 cm ($2\frac{1}{2}$ in.)



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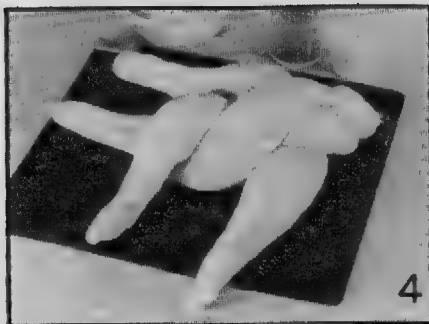
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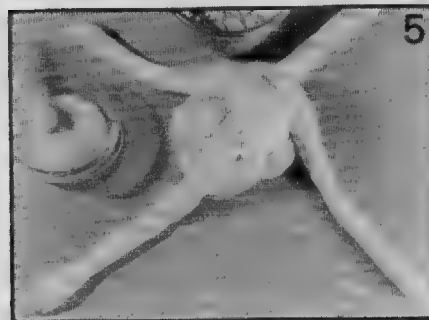
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SCOOBYDOO. Using half the dough, divide it into 2 and roll each piece into a 36 inch length. Lay the 2 pieces of dough in a cross on the table then, taking each end of the length that is underneath, cross them over so that they are in opposite positions and have wrapped around the other piece of dough. Now repeat the same process but with the other length, crossing them over in the centre on top of the first crossover, continue so that the dough gradually piles up (see photo 5). When you get to the ends, press them together slightly so that they stick, then lift the loaf up and lay it on its side on a lightly greased baking tray, with the ends neatly tucked underneath. Brush with egg glaze and sprinkle with crushed cornflakes. Prove and bake as for Cholla.



FLOWER POTS. Use 6 inch diameter clay flower pots. If the pots are to be used for the first time, brush them thickly with lard inside and out, then put them on to baking trays and heat them through at a moderate heat for at least half an hour or until the fat has been absorbed. Leave the flower pots to cool, then repeat the process once more.

Using a quarter of the dough for each pot, knead it into a round, then roll it between the hands so that it narrows towards the base but still has a well rounded top (see photo 6). Grease the inside of the flower pots and place a shaped loaf in each. Brush them with egg glaze and scatter over poppy seeds or crushed cornflakes. Leave them in a warm place to prove for about 20 minutes, then bake on centre shelf of a hot oven, gas mark 8 or 450°F/230°C, for 30 to 35 minutes.



Doughnuts

Makes 12

1 lb. McDougalls Country Life Flour

½ oz. dried yeast

A pinch of salt

1 oz. caster sugar

1½ oz. Anchor New Zealand Butter

½ pint milk

2 large eggs

Deep fat, for frying

To Coat the Doughnuts

4 oz. caster sugar

1 level teaspoon ground cinnamon

Heat the milk to blood heat—that is when it feels neither hot nor cold to the touch. Pour it into a jug and mix in the yeast and a teaspoonful from the measured sugar. Leave the yeast in a warm place to dissolve—it will take about 10 minutes and is ready when a thick froth is on top.

Meanwhile, mix the flour and salt together, rub in the butter until it is evenly distributed, then mix in the rest of the sugar. Form a well in the centre of the flour and pour in the dissolved yeast with the well beaten eggs. Mix the flour into the liquid, beating the ingredients together well to form a soft and very elastic dough. Turn the dough on to a well floured working surface and knead it as for breadmaking (see page 36) until the dough is smooth. Oil a polythene bag by pouring a few drops into the bag and then rubbing the inside together so that the oil covers the inside of bag. Put the dough into the bag, tie it lightly then leave it in a warm place for about 45 minutes to 1 hour so that it doubles in bulk.

When the dough is ready, turn it on to a lightly floured surface and knock it back gently to its original size. Divide the dough into 12 pieces, knead each one into a round and make a large hole in the centre of each doughnut by pushing your finger through (see photo 7). Lay the doughnuts on to greased baking trays and leave them for about 15 minutes or until they double in size.

Half fill a deep fat fryer with cooking oil, and heat it to about 350°F/180°C, that is when a cube of white bread dropped into the fat browns by the count of 20. Put the caster sugar on to a piece of kitchen paper and mix in the cinnamon.

When the fat is at the right temperature, lower 4 or 5 doughnuts into it and fry them for about 2 minutes on each side until they are golden brown. Lift the doughnuts out on a draining spoon, lay them on the sugar and sprinkle it all over.



Making a hole in each doughnut.



A terrific recipe—Teatime Treat Loaf.

Teatime treat loaf

Half the doughnut dough

For the Filling

2 oz. Anchor New Zealand Butter

3 oz. caster sugar

1 oz. chopped walnuts

1 oz. chopped sultanas

1 oz. chopped mixed peel

1 level teaspoon mixed spice

For the Topping

3 level tablespoons apricot jam

1 oz. chopped walnuts

1 oz. cleaned sultanas

A 2 lb. loaf tin, lightly greased

Make the dough as described for the doughnuts, then leave it in a warm place to prove for about 20 to 30 minutes.

On a lightly floured working surface, knead the dough and roll it into a rectangle 12 inches long by the length of the tin.

Beat the butter until it is soft, then beat in the sugar with the mixed spice. Stir in the chopped walnuts, sultanas and mixed peel, then spread the mixture over the dough, leaving a half-inch border. Roll the dough up and place in the greased tin as shown in our Offer Photo opposite. (If you are using our special offer tin, fasten up the sides now). Put the loaf in a warm place to prove for about 20 to 25 minutes or until the loaf just shows above the sides of the tin. Bake the loaf in a hot oven, gas mark 7 or 425°F/220°C, for 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, mix together the jam, chopped walnuts and sultanas for the topping. When the loaf is ready, carefully spoon the mixture on top, then return the loaf to the oven and cook it for a further 10 to 15 minutes until the loaf is golden brown. Leave it in the tin for 10 to 15 minutes to cool slightly, then transfer it to a wire tray and leave until completely cold. Serve cut into slices and buttered if liked.



Well Matched

Cut a dash with this smart two-piece which gives a refreshing new look to the twin-set. Long-sleeved sweater with raglan sleeves, inset collar and optional belt is partnered by an edge-to-edge jacket with short sleeves and practical pockets. Both are knitted in stocking stitch with garter stitch borders

Instructions in 6 sizes

NOTE: The instructions are given for the 81 cm (32 inch) bust size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 86 cm (34 inch) bust size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 91 cm (36 inch) bust size; work the figures within the third brackets for the 97 cm (38 inch) bust size; work the figures within the fourth brackets for the 102 cm (40 inch) bust size; work the figures within the fifth brackets for the 107 cm (42 inch) bust size.

For easier working, it is suggested that the knitter first goes through the instructions and underlines in red all the figures relating to the size to be worked.

THE JACKET

THE BACK: With No. 10 needles and dk. cast on 95 (101) (107) (113) (119) (125) sts. and, working in garter st., joining and breaking colours as required, work the striped border as follows: 5 rows dk., 6 rows lt., 6 rows md.

Change to No. 8 needles and continuing in lt. only, work in s.s., beginning with a k. row, for 118 rows.

To shape the fully-fashioned raglan armholes: 1st and 2nd rows: Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

3rd row: K. 2, k. 2 tog., k. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog.b., k. 2.

S.s. 3 rows.

Repeat the last 4 rows, 4 times more—79 (85) (91) (97) (103) (109) sts.

Next row: As 3rd row.

Next row: All p.

Repeat the last 2 rows, 22 (24) (26) (28) (30) (32) times.

Cast off the remaining 33 (35) (37) (39) (41) (43) sts.

THE POCKET LININGS (make 2): With No. 8 needles and lt. cast on 26 sts. and, beginning with a k. row, s.s. 26 rows.

Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

THE LEFT FRONT: With No. 10 needles and dk. cast on 52 (55) (58) (61) (64) (67) sts.

Work the striped border as given for back, at the same time, shape the mitred corner by decreasing 1 st. at the end of the 2nd row and 7 following alternate rows—44 (47) (50) (53) (56) (59) sts.

K. 1 row in md. to complete border, then

break off md. and continue with lt. only. Change to No. 8 needles.

Beginning with a k. row, s.s. 26 rows.

Next (pocket) row: K. 9 (10) (12) (13) (15) (16), slip the next 26 sts. on to a stitch-holder and in their place, k. across 26 sts. of one pocket lining, k. to end.

S.s. 75 rows, ending on a p. row.

To slope the front edge: 1st row: K. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog.b., k. 2.

S.s. 5 rows.

Repeat the last 6 rows, once, then work the 1st row again—41 (44) (47) (50) (53) (56) sts.

S.s. 3 rows, ending with a p. row.

**** To shape the fully-fashioned raglan armhole and continue to slope the front:** 1st row: Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

P. 1 row—omit this row when working right front.

Next row: K. 2, k. 2 tog., k. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog.b., k. 2.

S.s. 3 rows.

Continue to decrease at armhole edge as before on the next row and 4 following 4th rows, at the same time, continue to dec. at front edge as before on the 3rd of these rows and 2 following 6th rows—28 (31) (34) (37) (40) (43) sts.

Now decrease at armhole edge on the next 14 (16) (18) (21) (24) (27) alternate rows, at the same time, dec. at front edge on every 6th row from previous dec. for a further 1 (3) (5) (6) (7) (8) front decreases, then the 3 (2) (1) (1) (1) (1) following 8th rows—10 (10) (10) (9) (8) (7) sts.

Keeping front edge straight, continue to dec. at armhole edge only on 7 (7) (7) (6) (5) (4) alternate rows—3 sts. **

Next row: All p.

Next row: K. 1, k. 2 tog.

Next row: P. 2, turn, k. 2 tog. and fasten off.

THE RIGHT FRONT: With No. 10 needles and dk. cast on 52 (55) (58) (61) (64) (67) sts.

Work the striped border as given for back, at the same time, shape the mitred corner by decreasing 1 st. at the beginning of the 2nd row and 7 following alternate rows—44 (47) (50) (53) (56) (59) sts.

K. 1 row in md. to complete border, then break off md. and continue in lt. only.

Change to No. 8 needles.

Continued overleaf

MEASUREMENTS

in centimetres (and inches, in brackets)

To fit bust size	81 (32)	86 (34)	91 (36)	97 (38)	102 (40)	107 (42)
JACKET						
Side seam	43.5 (17½)	43.5 (17½)	43.5 (17½)	43.5 (17½)	43.5 (17½)	43.5 (17½)
Length	66 (26)	67.5 (26½)	68.5 (27)	70 (27½)	71.5 (28)	72.5 (28½)
Sleeve seam	12.5 (5)	12.5 (5)	12.5 (5)	12.5 (5)	12.5 (5)	12.5 (5)
SWEATER						
All round at underarms	84 (33)	89.5 (35½)	95 (37½)	100.5 (39½)	106 (41½)	112 (44)
Side seam	41.5 (16½)	41.5 (16½)	41.5 (16½)	41.5 (16½)	41.5 (16½)	41.5 (16½)
Length	62.5 (24½)	64 (25½)	65.5 (25½)	66.5 (26½)	68 (26½)	69.5 (27½)
Sleeve seam	41.5 (16½)	41.5 (16½)	41.5 (16½)	41.5 (16½)	41.5 (16½)	41.5 (16½)

Charming colour combinations in this tweedy-effect yarn might be brick, honey and mixed spice; turf brown, stone and pebbledash or moss, oatmeal and brick

MATERIALS: The Jacket: Eight 50 g balls of Patons Bracken Double Knitting in light colour for the 81 cm (32 inch) bust size; nine balls light for the 86 cm (34 inch) and 91 cm (36 inch) bust sizes; ten balls light for the 97 cm (38 inch) and 102 cm (40 inch) bust sizes; eleven balls light for the 107 cm (42 inch) bust size. For any one size: one ball of the same yarn in medium and one ball in dark; a pair each of No. 8 and No. 10 knitting needles.

The Sweater: Seven balls of the same yarn in medium colour for the 81 cm (32 inch) bust size; eight balls medium for the 86 cm (34 inch) and 91 cm (36 inch) bust sizes; nine balls medium for the 97 cm (38 inch) and 102 cm (40 inch) bust sizes; ten balls medium for the 107 cm (42 inch) bust size. For any one size: one ball of the same yarn in light and one ball in dark; a pair each of No. 8 and No. 10 knitting needles; a length of Petersham ribbon 112 cm (44 inches); a buckle.

TENSION: Work at a tension of 13 stitches and 18 rows to measure 6 x 6 cm, over the stocking stitch, using No. 8 needles, to obtain the measurements given on the right.

ABBREVIATIONS: To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); k. 2 tog.b., k. 2 tog. through back of loops; up 1, pick up the loop lying between needles and k. into back of it, to make a st.; s.s., stocking st. (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); garter st. is k. plain on every row; dk., dark; lt., light; md., medium.



WELL MATCHED

Jacket and sweater: continued

Beginning with a k. row, s.s. 26 rows.

Next (pocket) row: K. 9 (11) (12) (14) (15) (17), slip the next 26 sts. on to a stitch-holder and in their place, k. across the 26 sts. of other pocket lining, k. to end.

S.s. 75 rows, ending on a p. row.

To slope the front edge: 1st row: K. 2, k. 2 tog., k. to end.

S.s. 5 rows.

Repeat the last 6 rows, once, then work the 1st row again—41 (44) (47) (50) (53) (56) sts.

S.s. 4 rows, ending with a k. row.

Now work as given for left front from ** to **, noting variation where indicated.

Next row: All p.

Next row: K. 2 tog.b., k. 1.

Next row: P. 2, turn, then k. 2 tog. and fasten off.

THE SLEEVES (both alike): With No. 10 needles and dk. cast on 84 (88) (92) (96) (100) (104) sts. and work the striped border as given for back.

Change to No. 8 needles and continuing in lt. only, work in s.s. beginning with a k. row, for 6 rows.

To shape the sleeve: Next (dec.) row: K. 6 (8) (7) (7) (9) (8), k. 2 tog., * k. 12 (12) (13) (14) (14) (15), k. 2 tog.; repeat from * until 6 (8) (8) (7) (9) (9) sts. remain, k. to end—78 (82) (86) (90) (94) (98) sts.

S.s. 9 rows.

Next (dec.) row: K. 5 (5) (7) (6) (8) (8), k. 2 tog., * k. 11 (12) (12) (13) (13) (14), k. 2 tog.; repeat from * until 6 (5) (7) (7) (9) (8) sts. remain, k. to end—72 (76) (80) (84) (88) (92) sts.

S.s. 9 rows, ending on a p. row.

To shape the fully-fashioned raglan sleeve top: 1st and 2nd rows: Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

3rd row: K. 2, k. 2 tog., k. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog.b., k. 2.

S.s. 3 rows.

Repeat the last 4 rows, twice more—60 (64) (68) (72) (76) (80) sts.

Continue to dec. as before on the next row and the 26 (28) (30) (32) (34) (36) following alternate rows.

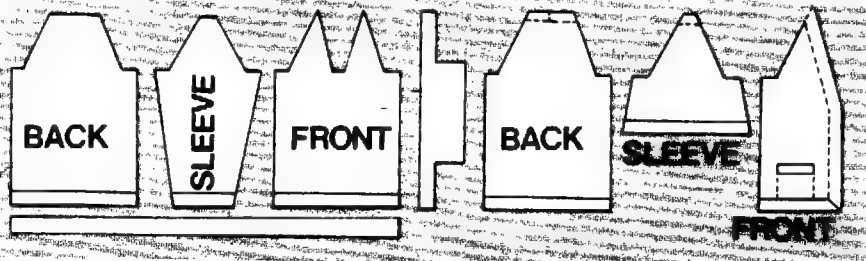
Work 1 row, then cast off the 6 sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT BORDER: Join raglan seams. With right side of work facing, using No. 10 needles, rejoin md. to lower edge above striped border and, pick up and k. 76 sts. to 1st front dec., 63 (66) (69) (72) (75) (78) sts. up front slope, 5 sts. across sleeve top, and finally 16 (17) (18) (19) (20) (21) sts. to centre back neck—160 (164) (168) (172) (176) (180) sts.

Working in garter st., joining and breaking colours as required, work the following stripe sequence of 5 rows md., 6 rows lt. and 5 rows dk., at the same time, inc. 1 st. at the beginning—read end here for left front border—of the next row and 7 following alternate rows—168 (172) (176) (180) (184) (188) sts. Cast off k.wise with dk.

THE LEFT FRONT BORDER: With right side of work facing, using No. 10 needles rejoin md. to centre back neck, pick up and k. 16 (17) (18) (19) (20) (21) sts. to seam, 5 sts. across sleeve top, 63 (66) (69) (72) (75) (78) sts. down front slope to 1st dec. and finally, 76 sts. to lower edge above striped border—160 (164) (168) (172) (176) (180) sts.

Now work as given for right front border to end, noting variation where indicated.



THE POCKET TOPS (both alike): With right side of work facing, using No. 10 needles and md., k. across 26 sts. on stitch-holder. Now work the 16-row stripe sequence as given on front borders. Cast off k.wise with dk.

TO MAKE UP THE JACKET: Press with a warm iron over a damp cloth, omitting garter st. Join sleeve and side seams, then join centre back border. Sew pocket linings to wrong side and row ends of pocket tops to right side. Neatly join mitred corners, then press seams.

THE SWEATER

THE BACK: With No. 10 needles and dk. cast on 91 (97) (103) (109) (115) (121) sts. and, working in garter st., joining and breaking colours as required, work the striped border as follows: 5 rows dk., 6 rows md., 6 rows lt.

Change to No. 8 needles and, continuing in md. only, work in s.s. beginning with a k. row, for 112 rows—s.s. 111 rows for front. **

To shape the fully-fashioned raglan armholes: 1st and 2nd rows: Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

3rd row: K. 2, k. 2 tog., k. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog.b., k. 2.

S.s. 3 rows.

Repeat the last 4 rows, 3 times more—77 (83) (89) (95) (101) (107) sts.

Next row: As 3rd row.

Next row: All p.

Repeat the last 2 rows, 22 (24) (26) (28) (30) (32) times. Cast off the remaining 31 (33) (35) (37) (39) (41) sts.

THE FRONT: Work as given for back to ** noting variations.

Now divide sts. for neck: P. 41 (44) (47) (50) (53) (56), cast off 9 sts., p. to end and work on these 41 (44) (47) (50) (53) (56) sts. for the left half front.

The left half front: To shape the armhole and neck: Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

P. 1 row—omit this row for right half. Next row: K. 2, k. 2 tog., k. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog.b., k. 2.

S.s. 3 rows.

Continue to dec. at armhole edge on next row and 3 following 4th rows, at the same time, continue to dec. at neck edge as before on 2 (2) (2) (4) (4) (4) following 6th (6th) (6th) (4th) (4th) rows from previous dec.—30 (33) (36) (37) (40) (43) sts.

Now dec. at armhole edge on 21 (23) (22) (21) (24) (27) following alternate rows, at the same time, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every following 6th row from previous dec. until 9 (10) (11) (12) (13) (14) dec. rows in all have been completed at neck edge—3 (3) (6) (9) (7) sts.

Keeping neck edge straight, dec. at armhole edge on nil (nil) (3) (6) (5) (4) alternate rows—3 sts. **

Next row: All p.

Next row: K. 1, k. 2 tog.

Next row: P. 2, turn, k. 2 tog. and fasten off.

The right half front: With right side of work facing, using No. 8 needles, rejoin md. to 41 (44) (47) (50) (53) (56) sts. on spare needle and k. to end.

Now work as given for the left half front to **, noting variation where indicated.

Next row: All p.

Next row: K. 2 tog.b., k. 1.

Next row: P. 2, turn, then k. 2 tog.b. and fasten off.

THE SLEEVES (both alike): With No. 10 needles and dk. cast on 44 (48) (52) (56) (60) (64) sts. and work the striped border as given for back.

Change to No. 8 needles and continuing in md. only, work in s.s. beginning with a k. row, for 10 rows.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row and every following 10th row until 10 inc. rows have been completed—64 (68) (72) (76) (80) (84) sts.

S.s. 11 rows.

To shape the fully-fashioned raglan sleeve top: 1st and 2nd rows: Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

3rd row: K. 2, k. 2 tog., k. until 4 sts. remain, k. 2 tog.b., k. 2.

S.s. 3 rows.

Continue to dec. on next row and 4 following 4th rows, then on 20 (22) (24) (26) (28) (30) alternate rows.

Work 1 row, then cast off the remaining 6 sts.

THE FRONT BANDS AND COLLAR:

With No. 10 needles and lt. cast on 137 (145) (153) (161) (169) (177) sts.

Joining and breaking colours as required, k. 5 rows lt., 6 rows md., and 5 rows dk.

Next row: With dk., cast off 30 (32) (34) (36) (38) (40) sts., k. a further 6 (8) (10) (12) (14) (16), up 1, * k. 3, up 1; repeat from * 20 times, k. 7 (9) (11) (13) (15) (17), cast off 30 (32) (34) (36) (38) (40).

Rejoin dk. to remaining 99 (103) (107) (111) (115) (119) sts. and k. 1 row to reverse collar.

Now working in stripe sequence of 6 rows lt., 6 rows md., and 6 rows dk. throughout, k. 53 rows, then cast off k.wise with dk.

THE BELT: With No. 10 needles and lt. cast on 188 (198) (208) (218) (228) (238) sts. and k. 5 rows lt., 6 rows md., 5 rows dk. Cast off k.wise with dk.

TO MAKE UP THE SWEATER: Press as for jacket. Join raglan seams, then sleeve and side seams. Sew cast-on edge of collar and front bands to neck edge, then with right side over left, sew row ends of front bands to cast-off groups in centre front. Back belt with petersham ribbon and attach buckle.

Press seams.

New Child Benefit from next April.

CLAIM NOW FOR A CHILD AGED 8 TO 19 IF YOU'RE NOT GETTING FAMILY ALLOWANCES.

From 4 April 1977, families will be entitled to £1 a week Child Benefit for a first or only child for whom they do not get Family Allowances.

As well as £1.50 a week Child Benefit for each other child, in place of the present Family Allowances.

The new Child Benefit will normally be paid to the child's mother. Collecting it will be easy. All you'll have to do is hand a book across a counter in your Post Office and you'll receive cash payment there and then.

IF YOU'RE NOT GETTING FAMILY ALLOWANCES.



You'll have to claim new Child Benefit if you have an only child or if your other children are now grown up. By 'child' we mean someone under 16 or under 19 if still at school or college full-time.

To claim, pick up a Child Benefit claim form (in buff envelope) and information slip at a Post Office and send it to your local Social Security office.

If you have more than one child but are not getting Family Allowances you may still be entitled to Child Benefit. But before you claim, ask your local Social Security office.

IF YOU HAVE TWO OR MORE CHILDREN.



You do not need to do anything now. But you may have to send your Family Allowances book in to the local Social Security office next February. Advertisements and posters in Post Offices nearer this date will advise you.

IF YOU'RE A SINGLE PARENT.



If you're getting Child Interim Benefit you'll get, in its place, £1.50 Child Benefit for your first or only child.

WHEN TO CLAIM FOR A YOUNGER CHILD IF YOU'RE NOT GETTING FAMILY ALLOWANCES.

Aged 2 to 7	November
Under 2	December

RIMMEL[®] for your lips



Beauty wise, value wise, you can't buy better than Rimmel



RIMMEL MOISTURISED LIPSTICK
IN TWIST-UP CASE

42p

Moisture-enriched to give
a soft, dewy look to the lips.



RIMMEL CREAMY LIPSTICK
IN PUSH-UP CASE IN TWIST-UP CASE

22p

35p

Long-lasting, non-drying.
Gives a smooth, creamy look to the lips.



RIMMEL SHIMMER LIPSTICK
IN PUSH-UP CASE IN TWIST-UP CASE

22p

35p

Pearlised to give a soft,
shimmering effect to the lips.



RAISIN SORBET

CRIMSON SORBET



SUGAR SORBET

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CHERRY SORBET

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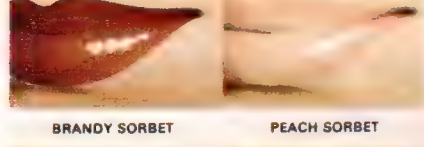
MARRON SORBET

MORELLO SORBET



BRANDY SORBET

PEACH SORBET



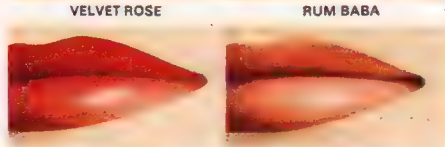
PINK SORBET

CLARET SORBET



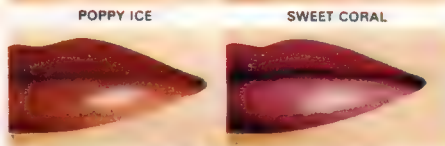
VELVET ROSE

RUM BABA



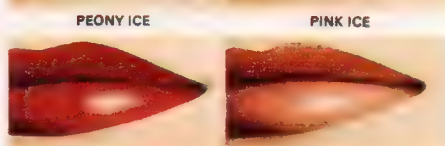
POPPY ICE

SWEET CORAL



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PINK ICE



MANDARIN RED

CARAMEL ICE



PERSIAN ROSE

ORANGE ICE



TRULY RED

TALKED ABOUT



STRAWBERRY ICE

RED ROSE



ORCHID SHIMMER

RUSSET-IN-GOLD



RUBY-IN-GOLD

CORAL-IN-GOLD

PINK SHIMMER



DAMSON SHIMMER

ROSY SHIMMER

TOFFEE SHIMMER



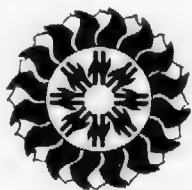
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TWO COLOURS

Pearly Lip Glow 32p

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Take a few days off to acquire the taste - Golden Rail Breathers give you a chance to sample 15 carefully selected corners of Britain: Bath, Blackpool, Bournemouth, Cambridge, Canterbury, Chester, Eastbourne, Edinburgh, Exeter, Harrogate, Isle of Wight, Norwich, Oxford, Torquay and York. Your hotels, trains and taxis are all arranged for you. And all at an inclusive price. So get away for 3, 4 or 5 days between 1 October 1976 and 2 May 1977.

Breathers leave you free to taste the good life - so send for a brochure and plan your break now.

To: British Rail, Room 815, Melbury House, Melbury Terrace, London NW1 6JU.

Please send me a GOLDEN RAIL BREATHER brochure.

NAME

ADDRESS

9/10 WW2

lambskin



~direct from the Antartex tannery

With an Antartex lambskin kit you can sew and save for all the family. You can also buy these cosy slippers and booties ready for wear. Slippers, Moccasin style: soft, warm, comfortable real lambskin, fleece-lined, lightweight micro-cellular sole. Children's 7 to men's 12, sewn from £1.75 unsewn from £1.20. Booties: same features as slippers. Babies up to men's 12, sewn from £1.80, unsewn from £1.20. Squares: Another enjoyable money-saver to make up lots of things like coats, waistcoats, rugs. Real lambskin squares, by the bag of about seventy. A bag of plain—white, brown or mottled—costs only £1.50 and curly in white or brown costs £2.00. Instructions, needle, thimble, thread included. Rugs: Lambskin, various types from £6.00. Antartex lambskin makes the ideal gift.

TO ANTARTEX (XWW1) LOCH LOMOND, ALEXANDRIA, DUNBARTONSHIRE.

Send without obligation, free colour brochure about slippers, booties, mitts, squares, rugs, plus real lambskin sample.

NAME

ADDRESS

Antartex—the Scottish word for warmth.

ENJOY THESE WINTER GEMS

JOY SIMMONS writes about some of the delightful flowers that are quite happy to be out in the cold

"MY GARDEN is quite colourful for six to eight months of the year, but in winter it looks completely dead," writes a reader. "It's only an average-sized suburban garden, but it would be nice to have a little colour in winter."

This is nothing like as difficult as it may seem, for several plants flower in winter, even in the coldest districts.

Top of my list I would put the sky-blue Iris stylosa (now blessed with the dreadful name Iris unguicularis), which flowers from November to March given a place at the foot of a warm, sunny wall, planted in porous, gravelly soil containing lime.

Another favourite is the Christmas Rose (Helleborus niger), which grows best in semi-shade, in rich loamy soil. The plants enjoy a mulch of rotted manure in April, and plenty of water in dry weather.

Both these perennials are valued for indoor arrangements as well as for outdoor bloom, the bright blue of the Iris mixing well with the white Christmas Rose and seasonal Holly.

Other members of the same family are the Lenten Rose (Helleborus orientalis), blooming from November to April, the flowers of which vary from white to plum-purple, and Helleborus foetidus, bearing pale citron bells edged maroon from February to April.

Winter-flowering Pansies are also worth considering as edging or carpeters. The plants flower in autumn and continue throughout a mild winter if raised from seed in June and transplanted into their final quarters during August or September.

DAINTY CYCLAMEN

It's strange how seldom one sees the hardy Cyclamen atkinsii, which produces its deep pink flowers among marbled leaves from December to February. A patch of these pretty flowers in the rock garden or shrubbery can be a joy. Although they are actually corms, the plants establish themselves more easily from pot-grown plants.

Perhaps the most reliable of the winter-flowering plants are the Heathers (Ericas). Some need lime-free soil, but varieties of the carnea, darleyensis and hibernica groups are lime tolerant, though they will get away to a better start if the roots are covered with damp peat at planting time.

Varieties for this purpose could include Erica December Red (purplish pink), E. carnea Springwood Pink and Springwood White (January/March), E.c. Ruby Glow, a deep rose colour with bronzy foliage (January/February), the lovely rosy-lilac E. darleyensis (January/April), E. darleyensis A. T. Johnson with magenta flowers



(December/April) and the pure white variety Erica d. Silver Beads.

Most Ericas look effective planted about 40 cm (15 in.) apart, in groups of three to five, in a sunny position.

Turning to bulbs, a number of Crocus bloom in January or February. Earliest is the variety ancyrus with orange-yellow blooms, sometimes called Golden Bunch, closely followed by Crocus sieberi atticus, lilac-blue with yellow throat, and the purple and white C. sieberi Hubert Edelsten.

Other bulbs that flower in January or February are the large-flowered Snowdrop, Winter Aconite and Iris reticulata.

When it comes to winter-flowering shrubs, the choice is quite wide. Best known is the lacy-flowered Laurustinus (Viburnum tinus), an evergreen that blooms from October to March. The pink form Eve Price, with carmine buds opening to pale pink and white flowers, is an improvement on Viburnum tinus, every shoot carrying a cluster of flowers on rounded bushy shrubs about 2 m (7 ft.) high.

Of the same family is the deliciously scented Viburnum fragrans, which produces clusters of white flowers (pink in bud) in January and February. These plants grow happily in well-drained, deep moist loam.

Also sweetly scented is the purplish-red flowered Daphne mezereum, which bears scarlet berries in summer. Sadly, the berries are poisonous, so are better removed where there are children. This variety does well in ordinary good garden soil, in sun or partial shade, the bushes attaining a height of about 1 metre (3 ft.).

Two other sweetly scented beauties are Winter Sweet (Chimonanthus praecox) and Witch Hazel (Hamamelis mollis), the latter blooming from November to the end of February, even in the coldest weather.

Winter Sweet needs a sheltered position and well-drained soil, the plants preferring the protection of a south or west facing wall. The pale yellow, purple-centred flowers are produced on the bare twigs, but not until the shrub is well established.

Witch Hazel requires moist, lime-free soil containing plenty of peat, the cowslip-scented yellow flowers appearing in abundance even on quite small bushes.

Garrya elliptica, an evergreen which bears long, dangling jade-green catkins touched with pink in February, is worth noting, especially for floral arrangement.

New Zealand and back for around £3?

ANCHOR

offer you the chance of a lifetime!

Some people save for years for a trip like this. You only have to save the guarantees from eight Anchor Butter or Cheese wrappers and answer the questions you'll find overleaf. So for around £3, you could buy four pounds of the best butter or cheese in the world and a chance to see where it comes from.

Soon you, and whoever you're generous enough to take with you, could be packing your bags for the Pacific shores, Alpine lakes and sub-tropical forests of New Zealand.

There are four big holiday prizes for two to the other side of the world to be won. So hurry, the competition closes January 31st 1977, but you may take the holiday up to the end of 1977.



Maori War Dance... to make you feel welcome of course, followed by beautiful Maori songs.



Cows? Actually it's Wellington. You can tell by the very unEnglish steady sunshine.



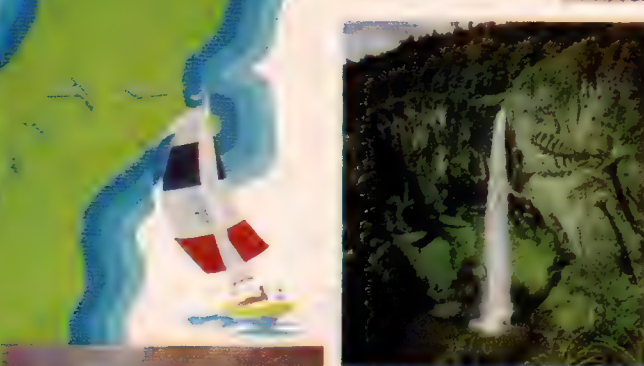
Mud, mud, glorious boiling mud. One of the world's wonders.



The original one and only non-flying birdie... come and see the Kiwi.



A Maori mother-in-law.



The foaming Bridal Veil Falls. Raglan



Rotorua where thermal geysers soar from deep in the earth.



Taranaki, below Mount Egmont, with lush dairy pastures where much of the cream for Anchor Butter and Cheese comes from.

SPECIAL OFFERS

Anchor Cook Book



A convenient cassette-shaped full colour illustrated cook book, arranged so that the 46 recipes follow through the course of a meal - starters, main courses and desserts - all using quality Anchor products and all pre-tested for you by our Home Economist.

Normal price: £1.50. Yours for only 82p including postage and packing and 8 Anchor butter or cheese guarantees.

Toy Anchor Butter Refrigerated Truck



An ideal present for children for Christmas. Big and sturdy, 9" long and made of hygienic plastic, the doors open to carry loads.

Refrigerator unit on cab. Made by Hammer Toys.

Manufacturer's recommended price: £2.95. Yours for only £1.75 including postage and packing and 8 Anchor butter or cheese guarantees.

Note: You may order as many cook books or toy trucks as you like. Eight guarantees qualify you for up to two items. Further orders require another eight guarantees for up to two items



How to enter the competition and order your special offers. Just turn over the page, where you will find the entry order form.

Enter here for the chance of a lifetime.

How to enter the competition and order your special offers.

Enjoy Anchor Butter and Cheese, and collect the guarantees from the back of the packs. You need only collect eight guarantees to enter the competition. For the same eight guarantees, you may send in for the cook book and/or toy truck. They can be all Anchor Butter or all Anchor Cheese guarantees or a mixture of both totalling eight. Send in the guarantees with your entry and/or order form below.

Send in an extra four guarantees with your entry (12 in all) and if you win, we'll also give you £500 spending money!

Just clip the guarantees from the back of either Anchor Butter or Cheese packs.

The Competition.

Study these questions closely, then using your skill and knowledge, complete the answers in the box provided, a, b, or c. For instance, if you think the answer to Question 1 is 300 million, tick box a.

Then complete the sentence, "I prefer Anchor Butter because..." in no more than ten words.

Question 1.

The number of half pound packets of Anchor Butter sold in Britain during 1975 was a record. How many were sold?

- a. 300 million packs b. 400 million packs c. 500 million packs

Question 2.

Butter from New Zealand has been sold continuously in Britain since 1868. New Zealand Butter sold in packets under the Anchor brand has been available since:

- a. 1925 b. 1948 c. 1968

Question 3.

Butter is a source of high food value. Anchor Butter is rich in which of the following vitamins?

- a. Vitamins A & D b. Vitamins A, C, & D c. Vitamins A, D, & E

Question 4.

A missionary, the Rev. Samuel Marsden, introduced the first two cows and a bull to New Zealand. In what year was this?

- a. 1802 b. 1814 c. 1856

Question 5.

Cheese makers from Britain settled in New Zealand during the 1880's and

developed the Cheddar cheese industry in New Zealand. From which English county did they come?

- a. Devonshire b. Herefordshire c. Somerset

Question 6.

Captain Cook first landed in New Zealand in what year?

- a. 1642 b. 1769 c. 1792

Here's how you could spend your holiday in New Zealand!

Day 1 & 2 London-Singapore

You'll leave London Heathrow by first class Jumbo jet to magical Singapore. Stay two nights in the Hilton, with a whole day in between for sightseeing.

Day 3 Singapore-Auckland

Board first class Air New Zealand DC10 jet for Auckland.

Day 4 Auckland

A day for rest and relaxation after the journey.

Day 5 Auckland-Kaitiaki

Depart Auckland, travel north via the city of Whangarei to Kaitiaki.

Day 6 Kaitiaki-Cape Reinga-Bay of Islands

This morning, travel north to Cape Reinga, northernmost tip of the North Island. Return south via the east coast beaches to the historic Bay of Islands.

Day 7 Bay of Islands-Auckland

At the Bay of Islands, a local sight-seeing tour will include Waitangi Treaty House and launch cruise on this famous bay.

Day 8 Auckland-Waitomo-Rotorua

After Auckland sight-seeing, travel south to Waitomo, visit Glow-worm Cave before continuing to Rotorua.

Day 9 At Rotorua

Sight-seeing today includes a round trip to Waimangu. In the evening, attend a Maori concert.

Day 10 Rotorua-Wairakei-Taupo

In the morning, visit Waiotapu thermal area, Aratitia Rapids and thermal bore field. Afternoon free for golf, fishing or leisure at Taupo.

Day 11 Wellington-Christchurch

Fly Taupo to Wellington. Lunch and

see Wellington city sights before flying on to Christchurch.

Day 12 Christchurch-Otematata

After Christchurch city sights, travel south through the Mackenzie country to Otematata.

Day 13 Mount Cook day trip

Full day excursion to this famous national park. You have the thrill of the scenic flight, with a glacier ski landing if desired.

Day 14 Otematata-Queenstown

Continue south beside the foot hills of the Southern Alps to this famous South Island resort.

Day 15 At Queenstown

Sight-seeing today includes launch excursion of Lake Wakatipu.

Day 16 Queenstown-Milford Sound

Travel south via Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound. Take launch excursion on this famous fjord.

Day 17 Milford-Invercargill

Travel south through the sheep country of Southland to Invercargill, New Zealand's southernmost city.

Day 18 Invercargill-Bluff-Dunedin

Continue south to Bluff, southernmost port of New Zealand and in the afternoon travel north to Dunedin.

Day 19 Dunedin-Christchurch

Travel north through the Canterbury Plains to the garden city of Christchurch.

Day 20 Christchurch

A day to catch your breath and relax.

Day 21 & 22 Christchurch-Hong Kong

Board first class Air New Zealand DC10 jet for Hong Kong. Stay two nights at the Excelsior Hotel. Fascinating city of the East-and there are opportunities for special duty-free shopping!

Day 23 Hong Kong-London

Return to London Heathrow by first class jet.

All your internal travel in New Zealand is by National Airlines Corporation aircraft, luxury motor coach or lakeland pleasure boat. Accommodation in superbly situated hotels, picked for you by The New Zealand Tourist Board. This itinerary is an example of the wonderful prize you could win. But individual holidays may be tailored to

winners' personal requirements; you might for instance prefer to spend some time with relations, or at one location point in New Zealand for a longer period of time within the overall length of the holiday.

Rules for the Anchor Holiday Competition.

1. This competition is open to anyone over the age of 16 years who is resident in the UK, except employees (and their families) of Empire Dairies Limited, their packers, suppliers of wrappers and labels, New Zealand Dairy Board, Air New Zealand and The New Zealand Tourist Board, their advertising agencies and anyone directly or indirectly concerned with the organization and judging of the contest.

2. All entries will be examined, and the four prizes awarded to the entrants who in the opinion of the judges have correctly answered all six questions and who have completed the slogan in the most apt and original manner. A winner may only win one prize of a holiday for two people.

3. The four prizes each consist of a free holiday for two people and include the flights to and from New Zealand, hotel accommodation in transit from London and in New Zealand, and transport costs for the organised itinerary in New Zealand.

4. The prizes must be taken before December 31st 1977. No cash alternative is offered, but the winner can nominate those taking up the prize.

5. The decision of the judges in all contest matters is final. No correspondence regarding their decision is allowed. Judges will include independent persons not connected with the organisations mentioned in 1. above.

6. Illegible or altered entries will be disqualified, as will any entry arriving after Monday, January 31st 1977. Entries must be sent to: Anchor Offer, FREEPOST, Ilford, Essex, IG2 6BR.

7. Responsibility cannot be accepted for entries lost, mislaid, damaged or delayed in the post or otherwise; proof of posting is not acceptable as proof of receipt.

8. A list of winners and a solution will be sent to anyone who encloses a stamped addressed envelope with their entry form.

9. Any number of entries may be submitted in INK or BALLPOINT on an official entry form, but each must be accompanied by 8 guarantees from Anchor Butter or Cheese packs. To qualify for the £500 spending money, a winner must have submitted 12 guarantees with the entry.

10. Entries become the property of Empire Dairies Limited, and cannot be refunded.

11. Entrance to the competition implies acceptance of these rules.



ANCHOR

Empire Dairies Limited, 51 Olaf House, Tooley St. London SE1 2SL
Registered number 242653

ENTRY/ORDER FORM

Please answer the questions by ticking the appropriate box:

Question 1	a	b	c
Question 2	a	b	c
Question 3	a	b	c
Question 4	a	b	c
Question 5	a	b	c
Question 6	a	b	c

I prefer Anchor Butter because

(no more than ten words)

I would like to win £500 spending money and enclose four extra guarantees

☐ (tick box)

To help us design individual itineraries, please state if you have relations in New Zealand Yes/No

Closing date January 31st 1977.

Cook Book

Please send me _____ cook book/s for which I enclose _____ guarantees and £ _____ (82p per cook book)

Toy Truck

Please send me _____ toy truck/s for which I enclose _____ guarantees and £ _____ (£1.75 per truck)

(See description of articles for number of guarantees required for duplicate orders)

Total cheque/Postal Order enclosed £ _____

Number of cheque or Postal Order

(Made payable to Empire Dairies Limited and crossed A/C Payee only)

Name (Mr/Mrs/Miss)

Address

(Please print)

(Post code)

Put your entry/order form, postal order or cheque and guarantees in an envelope, and address it to: Anchor Offer, FREEPOST, Ilford, Essex IG2 6BR
NO STAMP REQUIRED Allow at least 21 days for delivery of items

WW9/10

GOBLIN HILL

Continued from page 13

were having a year off on a world tour. It was very courageous of Leonie, his wife. She came to see us, unknown to Julian, because she was sure Julian would like to meet Philippa again, but was afraid to mention it in case he felt she, Leonie, wouldn't like it.

"Philippa was thrilled. I was staggered that she and Leonie took a genuine liking to each other. Philippa told her this had eased her conscience. It had made her happy to think Julian had achieved the happiness he deserved." He answered the question in Faith's eyes. "No, she didn't tell him about you. She longed to, but Stephen was still alive. Darling, we must go. You can imagine how worked up she is, facing the momentous task of telling you."

PHILIPPA had dressed, overcoming her weakness, then sent her maid out. Illness had aged her a little, but she still had that same shining look that so endeared her to audiences.

She knew immediately that Mark had told Faith. She looked apprehensive for a fleeting second as she rose, steadying herself by one hand, then Faith crossed swiftly to her, held out her arms, said, "Darling Philippa, it's wonderful. Let's make the most of every precious moment together."

They had their month. They went down to their Surrey house near Haslemere, in an enchanted setting of beechwoods that were just misting greenly after their winter sleep. Philippa broke off a spray one day and touched the leaf-buds with gentle fingers. "So life goes on, spring after spring, always the sap rising in the trees, pushing off the old leaves, swelling the buds of the new. Faith, look . . . there's the first snow-drop."

Faith said, "If ever I have a daughter, I'll tell her of this English spring day, and she'll be so proud of her famous grandmother." She bent down to pick the snow-drop. "I'll press this one and put it between today's pages of my diary to remember it all."

Philippa said, "When you marry, Faith, use your head as well as your heart. I think you'll have a happy life, because there is more of your father in you, than of me. You have his stability. Your grey eyes are as steadfast as his; there is the same purpose in the lift of your chin. Your brows, like his, are darker than your light brown hair. But Julian's hair is grey, now. The only thing you have of me is your laugh. Mark noticed it long ago. Darling, would you like to see your father?"

Faith caught her breath. "I just don't know. I've a natural curiosity, but as far as making myself known, probably not. It might disturb his life and Leonie's."

"I understand. I don't think it would, because she told me Julian was a good stepfather, but I've no rights in the matter. If you did go south to Goblin Hill, it might seem very remote after the cosmopolitan life you lived with Stephen and Lucy."

Faith said slowly, "I suppose it must have been born in me to love the country life more than any. Remember how I used to spend all those holidays on my friend Judith's farm? I learned to muster cattle, dip sheep, act as 'fleecy' in the shearing-shed, even lamb the ewes and dock tails."

Continued overleaf

PACKED WITH PLEASURE

Don't miss us next week



KNITTING AT ITS BEST

A three-colour striped tunic tops a useful rib jersey with polo-neck cum hood. Fluffy cable sweater in a novelty yarn. For the children—a brightly patterned sweater and slipover—so easy to make in stocking stitch.

CHEESE AND WINE PARTY

We show you how to provide that extra touch with recipes for Party Pizza, Cheesy Sausage Plait, Cheese Mousse and Auckland Pasta Salad.



MEDIEVAL FORT TO MAKE

This fabulous toy for the boys (of all ages) is a realistic fort with turrets, drawbridge, moat and even a secret trapdoor leading to the dungeons!



COLOURFUL TAPESTRY OFFER

Pattern printed canvas, wool in glowing colours, tapestry needle and full instructions for embroidering a pretty panel. Choose from 3 gorgeous colourways. Complete kit costs £5.50.

LOSE YOURSELF IN A GOOD STORY

More of "Goblin Hill" and "Fly Away Love" plus Audrie Manley-Tucker's charming short story of the reunion of childhood friends.

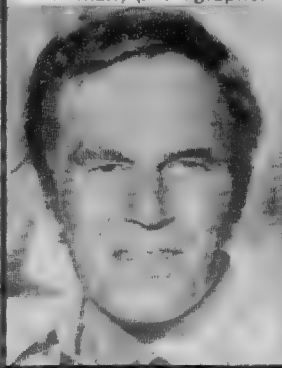


ENCORE FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS

By special request—four of Woman's Weekly's most popular bargain patterns. There's a dress to make in a variety of ways. Pinafore which changes character for day or evening. An elegant, versatile dress and two-piece suit. Cowl-neck dress with drawstring waist. Plus a six-way blouse.

MEET CHARLTON HESTON

Exclusive interview with many photographs.



AND OF COURSE all those other interesting and helpful features you usually find in your favourite weekly—the quiet philosophy of "The Man Who Sees", help with your problems—child care, health, beauty, gardening. Place a regular order for your copy—now.

in Woman's Weekly NEXT WEEK

Care. That's what saving with the Halifax is all about.

Right now he's got quite a handful in caring for his kitten. And in the not-too-distant future he could decide to turn that pet interest into a career.

But training to be a veterinary surgeon can prove a costly business.

That's where the Halifax comes in.

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GOBLIN HILL

Continued

I used to say I must be a throwback to some unknown ancestor." She paused. "I'll do nothing hastily, but I might take a trip down south some time, and ring them and say I'm your goddaughter. Then, if it seems to me the right thing to do, I might tell them. How does that sound to you?"

"Wonderful. Bless you for thinking of it. I won't press for more. You have a wisdom I never possessed. Let's go back to the house now. I feel so content, so complete. Let's put this yellow jessamine in water. It's nearly over, but it may give us a few days before these petals fall."

Philippa was gone before the last petal fell. She died at sunset, lying back on a chaise-longue, propped up with pillows. "I've always loved sunsets," she said, on a whisper of sound so faint they knew instinctively these were her last words.

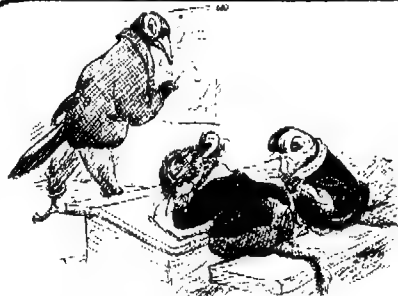
Faith stayed long enough to see Mark over the worst. She promised to come back later. He had so many true friends here, to help him, and his work was exacting and would fill the hours.

As he kissed her goodbye at Heathrow, he held her tightly, and said, "Thank you for making her last few weeks so happy."

FAITH KNEW exactly what she was going to do as soon as she reached home, because she planned it all as she flew over oceans and continents and islands on the way home through the East.

She found tenants for the house, stocked up Stephen's motorised caravan with everything she could possibly need for a few months' travel round the South Island,

Continued overleaf



THE ROBIN FAMILY A WINDY DAY

Roley and Sam scamper home to tea

"MY GOODNESS, it is windy this morning," gasped Mrs. Rebecca Robin as she came into the kitchen of Tree Stump House, having just collected the milk from the doorstep. "I nearly got blown away!"

Mr. Robin glanced out of the window. "Well, if this carries on much longer, there'll be plenty of leaves to sweep up on Saturday morning—and there's been enough already."

"Oh, can we help you, Daddy?" chirruped Roley and Rosemary, overhearing.

"Of course you can," he smiled. "But give the wind a chance to do his job first. And that reminds me, mind how you go to school this morning—don't get blown away..."

But the two little Robins and their Woodland friends rather liked the idea of getting blown away, and at playtime that afternoon, they thoroughly enjoyed themselves playing

tag with the excitable, noisy wind. All, that is, except Donald Dormouse, who stood by the door, looking rather cold and miserable. "Donald!" called Roley. "Aren't you coming to play?"

"No, thank you," replied the little Dormouse. "I'm going back into the classroom." And with that he disappeared...

During the last lesson of the afternoon—which was Geography—Roley noticed that his little friend, Donald, kept dozing off.

"Wake up, Donald," he whispered. "Don't nod off. If Mr. Rook sees you, he'll be ever so cross."

But Mr. Rook had seen, and he wasn't in the least bit cross. He knew that Donald was just about to start his long winter sleep, and immediately gave Roley Robin and Sam Sparrow permission to take the yawning little Dormouse straight home before he nodded off completely.

Roley and Sam found Mr. and Mrs. Dormouse looking nearly as sleepy as Donald. "Goodbye! See you next spring," said Roley and Sam as they departed and hurried home through the windy dusk, looking forward to having their tea in front of a nice warm fire.



Hands up all housewives who think they know the best way to dry clothes.

What a splendid show of hands! And of course, every single one of you is absolutely right.

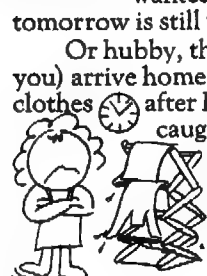
"An outside line on a warm sunny day with a gentle breeze blowing, that's the best way to dry the family washing!"



So what do you do when it's grey, dreary and damp? Or when the sun is having one of its frequent days off and the dress you wanted to wear tomorrow is still wringing wet?

Or hubby, the kids (or you) arrive home with soaking clothes after having been caught in the rain?

Somehow, you've got to dry the clothes inside the home—but how?



Radiators? (They look untidy—leave the clothes hard). Indoor rack or line? (Too slow).

No, what you need is an automatic clothes dryer.

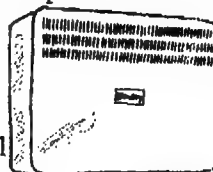
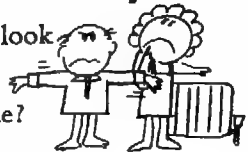
Not a tumble dryer—they're expensive. But you can afford a Power-lectric 'Blow-Dry'!

It takes up much less space. It's cheap to run. It dries a full 6 lbs* of washing quickly. It has dual heat settings, an automatic timer and folds away neatly when not in use.

But above all, it's like having your own sunny day—with a gentle breeze blowing. Day and night. Seven days a week.

It also costs around half the price of tumble dryers, and gives clothes that softness and freshness that used only to come from hanging them out on the line!

*Dry weight of cotton.



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Or send for leaflet and address of your nearest stockist.



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lectric**

Please send me details of Blow-Dry plus address of nearest stockist.

Name.....
Address.....

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Lyncroft House, Thames St., Staines, Middx.

GOBLIN HILL Continued

and sent an advertisement to the Otago Daily Times as soon as she had made a booking at a Dunedin motel.

It read: "Typist-secretary, formerly employed by an author, seeks similar employment full or part-time in Dunedin or north of it. Very well versed in checking pioneer chronicles, museums, newspaper files, in editing and compiling. Would be interested in producing a centennial booklet or family history. Has own typewriter and tape-recorder and a caravan for personal accommodation if a country post is available." She added her proper name, Meredith Charteris, and the name of the motel.

She naturally hoped some country town near Goblin Head might be able to offer something. It was a sparsely populated area, and even in, say, a forty-mile radius, she might be able to see and observe her father and his wife before calling on them as Philippa's goddaughter.

Before leaving Hawke Bay, she had something she must do. She felt she owed it to herself and to her mother. She went round to the Tankertons, picking a morning when Glen would be at business.

Faith sipped her tea, received Mrs. Tankerton's polite regrets about her godmother's death. "I expect she wasn't well enough to see much of you. Pity, when it's so far and so costly. I expect you'd feel that, under the circumstances, you couldn't raise the question about your mother's identity?"

Faith's eyes lit up. "I didn't need to. Mark Denerby, Philippa's husband, told me at Heathrow. It was almost too wonderful to be true. Philippa Meredith is . . .

was . . . my mother. My father owns a sheep-station near Dunedin, and doesn't even know of my existence."

Briefly, she sketched in the story, and a short time later she left, knowing she had closed a chapter of her life.

She took her time going south, even dallying on the way in the North Island, before crossing to Picton on a car ferry, then telling herself that the indented coastline, two hundred miles long between there and Christchurch, was so enchanting she ought to take it in leisurely fashion. In her heart she knew it was because she was just a little afraid of taking on this venture.

The signpost, when it finally came into view, made her thumbs prick. It said, "Goblin Headland, No Exit". The road dipped under the railway viaduct then lost itself amidst a fine stand of native bush that clothed the gently sloping shoulders of the headland for two-thirds of its height. Then suddenly and dramatically from that bush, reared the strange formation of rocks that did indeed look as if it were a petrified and recumbent goblin, beard, peaked cap and all.

Faith pulled in to the side of the road and lost herself in dreams. Here her forebears had come, in the very early days of the province, to wrest a living from the virgin soil. She gazed her fill, then drove on.

SHE DREW the caravan up in the motel parking-space, and went across to the office. The owner smiled, and handed over a pile of mail. "Looks as if your friends are all welcoming you to Dunedin. I'll take you to your unit now."

Faith cooked her evening meal before examining the mail. She'd not expected so

many answers, and she'd feel better able to make a decision if fortified by food. One by one she rejected the offers for one reason or another. The last letter had an unfamiliar Maori name on the back of the envelope. It was from East Otago. That was certainly the right area. Her pulses quickened. If it were at all suitable she'd take it. She opened it.

It was from two ladies, Mrs. C. Fitzherbert and Mrs. H. Pomeroy. Faith giggled. How Mrs. Tankerton would have approved . . . surely those names dated back to 1066!

"Dear Meredith Charteris," the letter ran:

When we saw your ad. in the 'Times', we felt it was truly an answer to a prayer. For so long we've talked of compiling the family history. We have authentic records (in a shocking muddle we must confess) of our family who came out in the 'John Wickliffe' in 1848, lived in Port Chalmers and Dunedin at first, then took up land here. The homestead is the original one, added to from the first sod cottage, and it will pass to our nephew when we die. He farms the land and saw your advertisement so suggested we write you.

There is plenty of room for your caravan, though we think you would be warmer in the house. There is a well-furnished study for you to work in. If you should take up our offer we would be delighted.

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Yours sincerely,

C. Fitzherbert and H. Pomeroy."

Faith decided to waste no time. It was so ideal she was terrified someone would put the old ladies off the idea if she didn't get going. She dialled the exchange and got the number.

Continued overleaf

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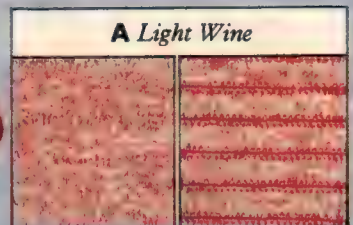
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 enhance most skin tones. Two, the wide wing collar
 makes such a soft frame for the face. Three, the dress is
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 the covered buttons and loops; the stripes on the tie
 belt, collar and cuffs; the shirt-style long sleeves.
 You'd see *chic* dresses like these in expensive
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All sizes cost just £10.95 post paid

(The textured poodle knit is in 85% acrylic 15% nylon.
 Dresses are hand washable).

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 carriage. You will be notified if a longer delay is expected.

Closing date of this offer: 5 Jan. 1977	Size	10	12	14	16	Please state your colour choice: A Light Wine B Leaf Brown C Forest Green
	To fit	cm in	cm in	cm in	cm in	
	Bust	83 32½	87 34	92 36	97 38	
	Hips	88 34½	92 36	97 38	102 40	
	Length: all sizes: 107 cm (42 in)					

To: MAIL SALE, Dept. WW15 Rochester X, Kent ME99 1AA.

Price post paid £10.95 each	Size Req.	Col Req. A, B or C	Alternative col. choice	No. Req.
First dress required →				
Second dress required →				

Total No. required

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS)

ADDRESS (BLOCK LETTERS)

I enclose cheque/P.O. value

No.

Tel No.



I wish to pay by Barclaycard/Access, my number is



Signature



PLEASE CUT ALONG BROKEN LINE

GOBLIN HILL

Continued

Mrs. Pomeroy answered, "Oh, you *are* a girl. We are so pleased about that. We've only known men called Meredith till now. You sound so nice and young, it will be lovely for Chassic and myself to have someone your age in the house. Would you like to call as soon as possible? What time can you come?"

Faith felt breathless. How fortunate they were taking it for granted she would accept the position. "Yes, I'll come tomorrow morning. I have a map. I'll probably be with you about ten."

Mrs. Pomeroy gave her instructions that made Faith realise joyfully that she'd be very near her target. Turn off at Goblin Headland signpost, take the third turning on the left, under the viaduct. "It will be lovely to have you. We miss the young folk. Our own house is in Oamaru, very near our daughters' homes and we miss the grandchildren. But we let it when we came out here to keep house for our nephew, Gareth. We'd better warn you, we'll talk your head off."

IT WAS a glorious morning as Faith crested the motorway. Below her lay limitless shimmering waters, edged by Blueskin Bay. Beyond it were faint and far headlands, one of which would be where her father lived.

She came to the signpost again. No hint of the Maori name, though. It must be just the name of the local post office. With a singing in her pulses, she turned off, felt metal instead of tarseal under her wheels, dipped under the viaduct, crossed a humpy-backed limestone bridge that surely

went back to pioneer days, and began counting turnings.

She saw the third, and the name Puketapo . . . so it was the name of the homestead, not the postal district. She went over cattle-stops, and swept into the property through an avenue of lombardy poplars so bright that the sun turned them to liquid gold. The fields each side looked more like English parklands than grazing paddocks. They had small copses in the corners, silver birches, cedars, larches, and where the poplars ended, English beeches and oaks spread out, magnificent in their autumn colouring.

She turned a bend and saw hens outside their fowlhouses on free range. She drove over more cattle-stops into a garden of yesterday where, as the poet had said, "long-departing summer still delayed".

The homestead was beautifully preserved; built in North Otago limestone, it was whitewashed, had dormer windows and odd gables here and there, in a harmoniously haphazard fashion, and these were outlined in black. A little porch over a side-door was painted green, and the fluffy heads of seeded honeysuckle clung to it. Great rambler roses grew against the walls, still in profuse bloom.

Creepers clung lovingly; gnarled wistaria held up arches that would possibly have collapsed long ago otherwise. The drive branched one way to the front of the house, but also to the back, which would be more suitable for a caravan.

Faith drove on to a wide area of gravel, but in front of the back door was a courtyard of brick done in herring-bone pattern. The back door flew open, and out came two eager, white-haired, elderly figures. They held out their hands.

"How lovely that you're a girl . . . and such a pretty one too!" (Faith wondered why that was important!)

"And such a gifted one. You really are the answer to a prayer. Providential. We aren't procrastinators usually, but we just didn't know where to start. So much material, and we can't type. Dear Gareth told us he was so sick and tired of our twittering about it every time we dusted the family treasures, that he'd willingly pay Mr. Meredith Charteris's wages himself to get us started. Such a dear boy, and such a shame he's never married."

Faith grinned to herself. This Gareth must be quite old, from the sound of him, and, contrary to his aunts' belief, was probably very happy in his bachelor state.

THE OLD ladies were surprisingly businesslike. They said they knew wages were high, but they'd like to pay her standard rates plus something to compensate her for living so far from city amenities.

Faith said, "Well, you see, I'm not dependent on this. It's just a project that appeals to me. In surroundings like this, it would seem like a holiday. The author I was secretary to was my father and . . ."

Mrs. Pomeroy interrupted. "Not Stephen Charteris? We love his books, and so does our nephew. We have them all . . . How grieved we were to read of his death."

Faith regained control of the conversation. "The point is, I'm not dependent on my earnings. Dad's royalties ought to continue for some time. I'd like a position like this, for a few weeks' duration, and I could look on it as almost a holiday. So I'll accept a minimal wage over and above my keep."

Continued overleaf

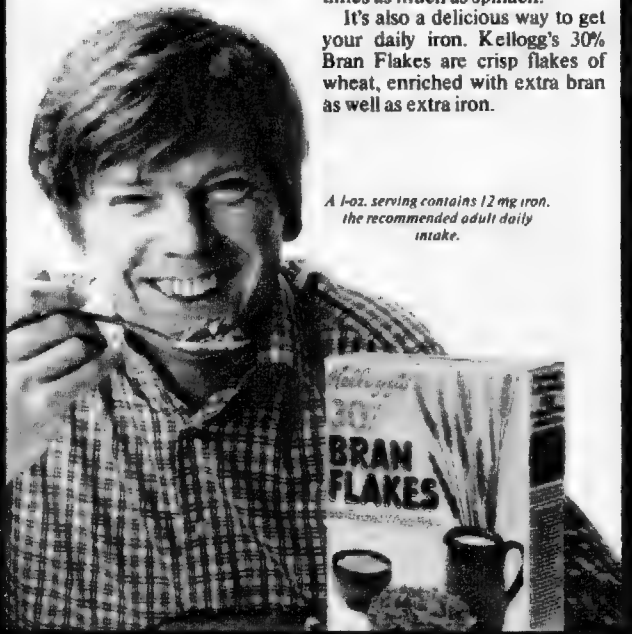
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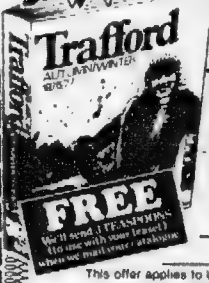
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If you think your chicken deserves more than this you should try Knorr stock cubes.

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Don't settle for half the flavour.



GOBLIN HILL

Continued

Surprisingly, they were quiet, considering that, then looked at each other and nodded. Chassie said, "We've learned, in our very long life, to distinguish sincerity. You have it. We won't insist on the high wage, but, to compensate, you must take all the time off you want."

Faith smiled at them, and Chassie said, "My goodness, you *do* remind me of someone. I wonder who. I suppose I've seen so many pictures of your poor father on his dust-jackets."

Faith said, with a truth they'd never guess at, "Yes, I'm told I greatly resemble my father." She added, "I'd better tell you that I'm never called Meredith. I just thought it sounded more businesslike. I'm called by a rather old-fashioned name, my second name, Faith. Would you use it?"

The effect was rather startling. The two old ladies looked at each other in amazement, then Chassie said, "It will mean a lot to us. We had a dear, older sister. We were the twins. She was Faith. That was why our parents, rather sentimentally in the way of those days, called us Hope and Charity. We'll love to hear that name in this household again."

Faith discovered that the bachelor nephew was away for a few days. He was attending sales at the Addington Market in Christchurch, and taking delivery of a new car on the way home.

Hope giggled. "Just as well he's away. We've got a little boy coming down from Oamaru. The son of my daughter's neighbour. My daughter was to have him when his mother had her baby, but she's slipped a disc so we said send him down here."

Continued overleaf

MATRON ADVISES

Feeding Baby Safely

Due to this summer's drought, there could be an extra health hazard for very young babies

My daughter is bringing home her first baby from the maternity home in a few days' time. She is not breast feeding him, but he seems to be doing well on a very reliable dried milk. However, I have been wondering if it is harmful to use the ordinary tap water, boiled, for his feeds, since we live in an area badly affected by the drought. I don't want to appear fussy, but I want to help my daughter do the right thing for her baby. Had she been able to breast feed him, of course, there would be nothing to worry about. Can you please advise us?

I am delighted to hear that you are a proud grandmother for the first time. It is only natural for you to be concerned about all aspects of the baby's welfare.

There is no need to worry about the purity of our tap water, even in times of drought. There is a possibility, however, of water becoming too loaded with solutes—chemicals occurring naturally in water, which are normally harmless, some even being beneficial to health. You would be wise to find out if, because of drought conditions, the



water in your area has changed in this way. The local water board could tell you. This is very important for a young baby (under six months) and if it has changed, then your daughter would be wise to use one of the pure bottled waters that can be bought from chemists, grocers and wine merchants for reconstituting his milk feeds. Look out for the plain, non-aerated, tasteless bottled waters such as Malvern, Evian (French) and Volvic, a Swiss one. These must be boiled for a baby's feed in the usual way.

Boots distilled purified water in 4-litre containers can be used in an emergency for a short time only, as distilled water contains no minerals at all and would be lacking essentials for a baby's healthy bone and teeth development.

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K Skips. The shoes that can touch their toes.



TOP: CHICO, BLACK, HEEL 2" £11.99. MIDDLE: SIMMY, ACORN, HEEL 1½" £9.99. BOTTOM: SHARK, DARK RED, HEEL 1½" £9.99. RECOMMENDED PRICES.
FOR THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE NEAREST K STOCKIST, WRITE TO F. STOTT, K SHOES, KENDAL, CUMBRIA.

Continued

Faith reserved her opinion. In the country there were creeks and ponds, farm tractors and all sorts of hazards. But it would be nothing to do with her.

Today she was looking after him because someone on the other side of the main road had rung up to ask Hope and Chassie to visit her for the afternoon.

At that desperate moment Faith caught her foot in a loop of wire and pitched neatly, face first, into a gorse-hedge. Benjie stopped crying in mid-yell to roar unfeelingly with laughter. Faith extricated herself gingerly, wiped blood from the scratches on her face, pulled dry prickles out of her hair and decided it was well worth it.

It was a pity that, as they returned to the house, Benjie had fallen over the orchard gate right into a foul and muddy pool on the other side. Howls broke out again, his fair hair looked as if it had been dipped in tar, his pale blue jersey and long pants to match were caked almost solid. Faith let the buckets go.

She dare not use the bath. The laundry,

Here is a quick and effective way to freshen up walls and ceilings—cover a clean broom with a piece of newly washed net curtain and sweep the surfaces.

Faith plunged her hands beneath the froth and began peeling his clothes off. She distractedly wiped away a strand of hair that had fallen over her face, leaving a huge

Before she could utter he spoke again. "Don't tell me you're Mrs. Meredith Charteris? And that you've brought a whole family in that caravan? Look at the place!" He cast a look round the indescribable mess and added: "I expect you were the one who left those buckets right in the drive. I collected them. They've not improved my brand-new car one bit—or my temper."

He surveyed the child. "You've certainly let him make a mess of himself!"

Continued overleaf

At last, a new regular magazine to get you slim and keep you that way. Each issue is packed with everything you need to know for a slimmer, healthier way of life. Success stories from readers to boost your willpower, diets to suit *your* way of life, low-calorie recipes that prove you don't have to starve to slim and fun exercises to streamline your figure.

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SUCCESSFUL Slimming

Wendy fashion Lorraine



Keeping warm-Wendy fashion

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Wendy leaflet 3010 from your knitshop, or 15p (postal order), post free from Department H6, Carter & Parker Ltd., Guiseley, Yorks.



Knit Wendy fashion

GOBLIN HILL

Continued

"He needed no permission," said Faith crossly, and thought it sounded childish, pushing the blame on a four-year-old. It made her madder than ever, so she added, "Instead of making criticisms, perhaps you'd help by going upstairs to Benjie's room to get some clean clothes for him."

He made a face. "Right, but why didn't you arm yourself with a change before you put him in the tub? You didn't know I was going to appear on the scene."

She lost all patience. "It would have been criminal to track all this mud over those pastel-coloured carpets."

He grinned. "I get you. By the way, I'm Gareth Morgan."

As he said it, Benjie gave a banshee wail because he'd rubbed soap in his eyes, so Faith couldn't hear correctly. She said, whitening, "Did you say Morewood? Are you . . ."

Fortunately, he cut in: "No, not Morewood, Morgan."

Faith gave a sigh of relief she couldn't repress which made him look at her curiously. "But Morewood is my stepfather's name. We often get confused. Perhaps you aren't *au fait* with the situation here. You soon will be, if you're attempting the family history. I work this end of the estate, my stepfather works the other at Lilac Bend, the other house. He and my mother are still in Canada, visiting relations of hers. Chassie and Hope are my stepfather's aunts. Benjie, stop bawling!"

He took out his handkerchief, gently wiped Benjie's eyes. "Now stay still. I'll get the clothes, Miss Charteris."

He disappeared. Faith felt stunned. Hope and Chassie were not neighbours of her father's. They were his aunts, and so her own great-aunts. Then this Gareth was her stepbrother!

She was here at Goblin Hill, but her father was still thousands of miles away. She might have finished this task by the time he got back.

Her father must be the son of Hope and Chassie's sister. If only the name on that swinging wooden shingle at the cattle-stops had said Goblin Hill, she'd have known, and would have turned back and rung them to make some excuse. She felt she'd wormed her way in under false pretences. And from the no-nonsense look about him, she thought that Gareth would accuse her of that too—if he ever found out who she was!

TO BE CONTINUED

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Featured on
pages 34 and 35

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Health and Your Family

by Dr. Hugh Alistair

EAR WAX

A READER wrote to me recently to ask whether it is always possible to get rid of wax in the ear. The answer is "yes", although in some cases quite firm measures may be required.

Wax, varying in amount and consistency, is a normal secretion from glands lining the ear canal. Although, as I say, it is quite normal, it may sometimes cause symptoms such as deafness, earache, discharge and giddiness.

Symptoms may appear suddenly when the wax has expanded by becoming wet, after bathing or swimming.

Soft wax is easily removed with a twist of cotton wool. Harder wax may just require drops to soften it, or drops followed by syringing (carried out, of course, by your doctor—don't try to remove hard wax yourself). If it's very hard, the softening process may need to be prolonged before syringing is attempted.

If syringing after prolonged softening does not succeed, and the wax itself is causing pain, then it can, as a last resort, be mechanically removed by the doctor while the patient is under a general anaesthetic.

Such radical measures are rarely needed, however, for what is a simple, easily treated condition.

FLY AWAY LOVE

Continued from page 36

I took the tin from him and rolled it round in my hands, because it gave my nervous fingers something to do.

I know I thanked him, not very well probably, because he isn't the sort of man it's easy to say thank you to. I wanted also to say how lucky it was that he happened to be looking up and spotted the wretched thing falling. I wanted to be calm, and if possible to make some bright, sophisticated comment to show that I hadn't been frightened, and that I'd taken it all in my stride. But I couldn't.

Not that I had been in the least frightened. I wished I had. The shock I was feeling at this moment had nothing to do with my narrow escape. Dexter touched my cheek with his forefinger.

"Almost as dangerous—" he was trying to coax a smile from me—"as falling out of apple trees."

"But not as dangerous," I heard myself say, "as falling in love."

At that he stopped trying to coax me. He withdrew into a stony silence. In fact, the only words he addressed to me from there on were, "Here, give me that can. I'll throw it in the trash bin."

"I'll drop it in as we get off," I replied, still turning it nervously in my hands. He shot me a shrewd look but for once he let me have my way; I expect he thought it was therapeutic, after shock.

But the shock was at myself. What sort of person was I? For years I had nourished a feud against Dexter, for months I had resented him, for weeks I had hated him, and now the first time he had physically held me, I'd wanted him to kiss me.

I NEVER did throw away that squashed Coke can. Head in air, I walked straight past the bin as we left the steamer, with the can still clutched in my hand. Simon had forgotten all about it. He strode beside me, within a finger's reach, yet we were as far apart as if the Atlantic separated us.

I slipped the can into my handbag. It became my talisman: a symbol of a lucky escape; a protection for the future. Flattened even more when wrapped in a plastic bag, it was tucked, as some stewardesses tuck a small, childhood teddy bear, in the corner of my sling bag.

I carried it twice to Los Angeles and once to Boston. I don't know if it brought me good luck, but it certainly didn't bring me any bad. None of the trips was skipped by Dexter. Maybe I had convinced him that I wasn't so rough at the edges, as he'd told Corinne. But I think there was another reason. Corinne herself.

I never saw her to hear any more of Dexter's comments. The duty roster had Corinne and me at opposite ends of the sky, coming in and out of Grantwick like Mr. Wet and Mrs. Dry. Corinne's presence in the flat was no more tangible than the lavish jars of bath crystals dwindling in the bathroom, and the phone, Jan told me, always ringing.

Corinne's name on the roster, I noticed with a wry and bitter smile, frequently coincided with that of Captain Dexter. Just as, by another odd coincidence, mine never did with that of Paul La Roche.

Then I did a Montreal trip with Captain Williams, the nice, fatherly pipe smoker. The Number One Stewardess was Stephanie Drew. She's not over popular, but she seemed nice enough. We shopped

Continued overleaf

WHY BUY YESTERDAY'S ANTISEPTICS WHEN TODAY'S COST YOU LESS!



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Are you getting enough?

FLY AWAY LOVE

Continued

together and walked to the top of Mount Royal. After a two-night stop-over, our crew brings back the next aircraft. Our taxi passed the incoming crew's at the top of St. Catherine Street. We waved. I saw a gleam of fair hair. On board the aircraft, the forward galley still smelled hauntingly of Corinne's favourite Schiaparelli perfume.

It was mid-morning when we took off. The Laurentians were in bright sunshine. To the north, I caught the familiar shimmer of a lake's light. The pine forests were dark green against the blue sky. I thought of Paul. I wondered if this cold, unnatural ache inside me could be love.

"She has all the captains in love with her," Stephanie said, sniffing the haunting fragrance of the forward galley. With her finger nail, she underlined the captain's signature at the bottom of the Aircraft Customs form, which the incoming captain had signed before handing over. Paul La Roche.

"Him too?" I asked.

"Afraid so. They'll be whooping it up in Montreal."

She smiled with amused sympathy. Practically the whole airline reckoned I was still in love with Paul. Maybe they knew me better than I knew myself.

But introspection and flying don't go together. We had a low price return flight with no trimmings, a modest lunch and no in-flight entertainment. There were hardly any vacant seats. The passengers were an interesting mixture: businessmen, some late holiday-makers, a number of grandparents returning from seeing their families. Stephanie took the forward section and I took the rear. All except one—an old lady called Mrs. Truscott, seated on her own by the window at the rear—seemed to enjoy their lunch.

Mrs. Truscott hardly ate anything. She was restless and fidgety. My first thought was that she had lost something. Though it was warm in the rear cabin, she still wore a rather moth-eaten fur coat, and was continually moving about, pushing her hands into the pockets. Then she started anxiously looking at her watch.

Our stewardess training is very thorough, and early on one recognises tension. I don't mean just the obvious signs, like trembling hands and sweating foreheads and pallor, but something quite indefinable—almost like an electric impulse. You also come to recognise someone in need of comfort. Loud and clear, without even knowing it, Mrs. Truscott was giving me those signs.

"Is this the first time you've flown, Mrs. Truscott?"

"Yes, dear."

"Are you enjoying it?"

She nodded.

Perhaps she was nervous about catching a connection. I leaned over and said to her encouragingly, "We won't be late, Mrs. Truscott. We're right on schedule!"

Mrs. Truscott smiled and resumed her watch-watching.

IT WAS then that I heard, very faintly, the sound of music.

All the passengers except Mrs. Truscott were either having a nap or reading. The engines murmured softly and contentedly at cruising power. We were halfway across the Atlantic.

I thought I must be mistaken. A small girl who was in front asked for a lemonade,

Continued overleaf

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THE LOOK THAT LASTS

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MARGOT LANG TAKES YOU SHOPPING

Feeling off-colour? You may very well feel sluggish and out of sorts if you're constipated. You can take action with the help of the tried and trusted family laxative—**Ex-Lax**. It comes in two forms, as an unflavoured pill and the good old favourite chocolate. **Ex-Lax** works gently and surely overnight, without causing any pain or undue urgency. It's a laxative that children will take without fuss, too. **Ex-Lax** is stocked by all chemists, but if you'd like to try a



free sample (which will be sent to you under plain cover); just drop a line to: **Ex-Lax Ltd., Dept. WW17, Fishponds Rd., Wokingham, Berks RG11 2QD.**

I don't know how many times I've accidentally burnt myself whilst cooking—a very painful experience! If you're one of the many accident-prone you'll be pleased to hear about **Burneze** which has been specially designed to cool and soothe minor burns. Handy aerosol, it contains fast-acting local anaesthetic plus anti-histamine to control swelling. It deals with the lingering pain of a minor burn or scald and reduces the chances of a blister. No first-aid box is complete without **Burneze**—from branches of Boots and other chemists.



I think most people take a look around their living room or lounge as winter draws on, wondering how to make it more attractive and comfortable during the long evenings. If you have a favourite chair or settee made by **Ercol**, **Clintique** or **Parker-Knoll** you can give it a new look with tailored (not stretch) covers from **Lynwood**. They make them to the manufacturers' original specifications in a wide range of plain and patterned materials. If you'd like to see



their free brochure, price list and samples write to: **Lynwood, Dept. 106, 43 Imperial Way, Croydon CR9 4LP**, or telephone 01-681 1831/4. Or see them for yourself by calling at their showrooms at 14 Mulgrave Road, Sutton, Surrey. (Closed on Mondays.)

It's all too easy to put on extra weight when you're on holiday, eating food you didn't have to cook and relaxing more than usual. If this is your problem you'll probably be thinking of going on a diet. A new natural slimming sensation is all the rage in America just now. It's based on a special diet containing Cider Vinegar, Lecithin, Kelp and Vitamin B6. And the book that tells you all about it is a best seller over there. It's called the "Natural Way to Super Beauty" and if you'd like to know more about it, all you have to do is send a stamped addressed envelope to: **Health & Diet Food Co., Slimmers Dept. WW6, Freeland House, Cranleigh, Surrey.**

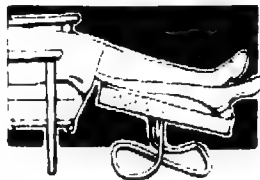


Wet Shampoos! If you're busy, they take up so much time! My neighbour was really stuck last week; she had an interview for a better job on Tuesday, in-laws arriving from Canada on Thursday and a wedding on Saturday. "And that means three wet shampoos. My hair's so greasy I can't cope otherwise," she said. I was glad to be able to help by suggesting **Aero-Dry**



Five Minute Shampoo—the busy girl's best friend. Just puff it on and brush it out—your hair's dry-cleaned without spoiling your blow-dry one bit. **Aero-Dry Shampoo's** in most chemists, in the handy side-puffer pack—enough for several shampoos. Ideal for keeping greasy hair in order in between "wet shampoos".

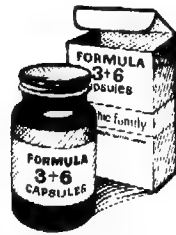
You really can "put your feet up" with a **Restaleg**! This cleverly designed "support", which doctors recommend, is adaptable for all age groups and is used in nursing homes and Hospitals. When resting in a chair the soft foam cushion is a perfect support for legs, from heel to knee. Turn it about, press down at one end and the self-adjusting spring supports your back, for relaxing or reading in bed. The **Restaleg** is light and completely stable. It comes in Red, Oatmeal or Black, with anodised gold stand. It costs £7.95 (inc. VAT & carriage), and is available only from **Restaleg, Dept. B92, Home Supplies (Wessex) Ltd., 90 Sandyhurst Lane, Ashford, Kent.** There's a 7-day trial period and a money back undertaking.



Buy knitting wools by post? Why not? This year 100,000 knitters will order direct from **Falcon Mills** in Yorkshire and save ££'s on shop prices. Mind you, **Falcon** aren't cut-price rubbish merchants. They've sold quality wools for over 16 years and their customers buy regularly every year. "We believe quality and service count," says **Falcon's Mrs. Stell** "and we don't charge postage on larger orders and give discounts up to 10% OFF." Over 40 qualities including **Jaeger**, **Matchmaker** and **Superwash**, prices from only 10p. For free 24 page knitbook offering 200 patterns and 300 actual samples send two 6p stamps post to: **Mrs. Stell, Dept. X22, R. S. Duncan & Co., Bradford BD7 4QJ**, and they'll send you your knitbook and a 20p voucher Free!



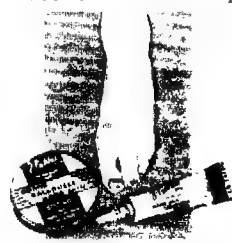
We all want to achieve the look of health and vitality. And it's said that Cider Vinegar, Lecithin (pronounce it less-i-thin), Kelp and Vitamin B6 can help you do this. Now all these ingredients have been brought together in one capsule. Called **Formula 3+6**, they're specially made as a streamlined way towards fitness. You take six a day. There are no side effects since they're not drugs—they're simply concentrated food supplements to help you start looking good. From health food shops or direct for £1.40 post paid from **Health & Diet Food Co., Slimmers Dept. WW6, Freeland House, Cranleigh, Surrey.**



Do your children always seem to be coming home from school or sports only to say . . . "Mummy I lost my hat/sock/coat/cricket bat today?" **Cash's Woven Name Tapes** can virtually put a stop to it! Quality made, they're the sure way to identify clothes and other personal items. Once sewn in, your child's name is there for keeps! **Cash's** quick delivery name tapes are available in a wide choice of name styles and colours. Rec. prices are three dozen for £1.37, six dozen £1.84 and twelve dozen £2.35 (inc. VAT). Order them from drapers, children's wear shops or gents' outfitters.



Be good to your feet. If you're on them all day, or do a lot of walking, they need extra care and attention. To be healthy and comfortable there should be no hard skin, corns or callouses. **Pickles Ointment** is the answer. It has been caring for feet for almost one hundred years. **Pickles Ointment** helps to remove hard skin and corns, easing discomfort and pain. When they are free from these discomforts, use **Pickles Healthy Feet Cream** to keep them in trim. **Pickles Ointment** and **Healthy Feet Cream** are on sale at Boots and most chemists. If you can't find them, drop a line to: **J. Pickles & Son Ltd., Pickles House, Church Lane, Knarborough, Yorks.**



"Nervy" upset tummies and digestive discomforts due to over eating and the like need no longer be a problem because **Carmolis** is now available in Britain. **Carmolis** is a unique mixture of herbal oils blended by the Carmelite monks over three hundred years ago. It's been widely used all over Europe ever since to quickly and safely relieve stomach upsets. How many times have you heard someone say "if you try it once you'll go on using it again and again"? Well some of my friends say this about **Carmolis**. And isn't it nice to know that in these times of synthetic everything **Carmolis** uses nature's own products that can quickly and effectively ease all your tummy upsets? Ask for **Carmolis** by name at your chemist—he'll probably recommend it.



FLY AWAY LOVE

Continued

and I went back to the galley. The music faded away.

I brought the drink through, and again I thought I heard music.

Mrs. Truscott was still fidgeting away, still looking at her watch.

I handed over the lemonade and became involved with her father telling me all the whys and wherefores of their journey, by which time the girl had downed it, and I took the empty glass back to the galley.

Again the music faded into nothing. I began to think that the aircraft was haunted. And I'd half a mind to go forward and ask Stephanie if she could hear it occasionally too. But I decided Stephanie would only laugh. Then I returned to take some magazines to Mrs. Truscott, and here it was again. Perhaps she also could hear the music, because she seemed more uneasy than ever. She had her head on one side, as though she was in pain.

I leaned across the empty seat. "Are you all right, Mrs. Truscott?"

Suddenly the music seemed louder.

"Mrs. Truscott!"

At last I had solved the mystery. This was no ghostly music. In Mrs. Truscott's right hand was a tiny transistor radio.

"Mrs. Truscott!"

A little impatiently, she waved me away, bending her ear down lower.

"Transistor radios are not allowed on aircraft. They may cause interference with a navigation instrument." I held out my hand. "Please give it to me."

Mrs. Truscott did not seem to understand me.

Continued overleaf

GIVING THANKS

Canon R. C. Stephens reminds us of the less fortunate people in the world and asks us to be thankful for our own good fortune

AS SOON AS autumn approaches we see notices drawing our attention to harvest thanksgiving services in our local churches. But why do we do it? Why turn a place of worship into a greengrocer's or a supermarket? It is because we are expressing our belief that the Christian religion deals with and is concerned with the things of this life as well as the next. So harvest reminds us of God's provision for all His children.

The idea that harvest is a religious matter goes back centuries to the Feast of Ingathering or Tabernacles (Leviticus 23 : 34-44) showing dependence on God for the fruits of the earth. Today, farming is not simply a matter of growing crops etc., for now it is a highly skilled occupation and both the scientist and the engineer have their important parts to play, so we can thank God for the intelligence He gave to man so that they could discover and invent the new and more productive processes we have today.

Another reason for celebrating the harvest is that as we count our blessings, we shall become more conscious of those who are less fortunate. Our own good fortune should make us anxious to do something for the millions who do not know where the next meal is coming from and who, in this affluent world, still live in poverty.

If we cannot join in the harvest services, we can still give a thanksgiving prayer for all our blessings as our spirits need to give thanks.



The magnificent Abbey Church at Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire.

Most of us know some people who are ungrateful for what is done for them and who are always complaining and never satisfied and we soon realise that they are unhappy people who lead dull lives. When Jesus cured the ten lepers (St. Luke 17 : 11-19) only one returned to thank Him and He asked, "where are the nine?" He knew that the others needed to express their gratitude if they were to receive the full benefit of their cure.

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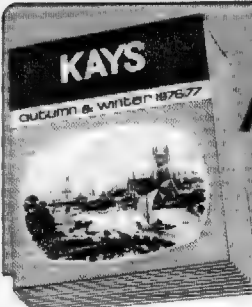
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"Mrs. Truscott, please give that radio to me," I repeated.

And then I saw Mrs. Truscott's face crumple. A couple of tears trickled down her furrowed cheeks, but she still hung on to her radio.

"Just let me have it for a few minutes more, dear."

"No, Mrs. Truscott," I said firmly. "It's not allowed and I'm afraid..."

"You see, dear... it's coming up to this family request programme. People write in, you know, and if you're lucky, they play a request for you. Today's my seventy-fifth birthday, and Timothy Two... that's my only grandchild... has asked for my favourite song."

I still held out my hand. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Truscott, but..."

"It's an old song, dear—very old. You've probably never even heard it, but it was always our special one."

I hesitated.

"I'm going over to live with my daughter now I'm alone." She looked at me. "And Timothy wanted to welcome me..."

I was trying to work it out in my mind. Here we were, high in the clear, at cruising altitude over the Atlantic. The aircraft would be on the automatic pilot, and there were lots of other navigation instruments to cross-check. It was cloudless; still bright sunshine and the visibility was fifty miles.

"It was the tune they were playing when Timothy One... that's my late husband... and I met." The tears were coming down faster. "It was always our favourite."

I swallowed hard.

"After all, dear, it's only for a minute or two."

I weakened. "All right, Mrs. Truscott. But the moment the record's been played, you must give the radio to me."

Her face brightened.

"Has the programme started?"

"Just about to, dear."

I SAT down beside her and waited. The programme came on all right. Two requests were played, but nothing for Mrs. Truscott.

I was beginning to be apprehensive. I began to fidget almost as much as Mrs. Truscott.

And then, suddenly, Mrs. Truscott looked across at me excitedly. She beckoned to me to put my ear close to the tiny radio. My head touched hers. I heard... "for Mrs. Lily Truscott, on her seventy-fifth birthday, from Timothy Two, with all the love in the world." And then the strains of *The Lily of Laguna*.

It was not just a trickle of tears that was running down Mrs. Truscott's cheeks, it was a river. But at the same time, round her lips was a strangely beautiful, girlish smile.

"... she is my lily and my rose."

Mrs. Truscott was as good as her word. The moment the last note died away, she switched the radio off, passed it over to me and patted my hand.

"Thank you, dear. You're a kind girl."

"Happy birthday," I whispered.

Smoothly the trip proceeded. The good weather held. Just as we crossed the coast, I was clearing up in the galley, when Stephanie came in to warn me we were ahead of schedule.

"What's this?"

She held up Mrs. Truscott's transistor

Continued overleaf

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FLY AWAY LOVE

Continued

radio, which I had put on the table, ready to give back to her.

I told her the story.

"You shouldn't have let her."

"But, Stephanie, she was so pleased."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh well, no harm done." She leaned over. "Here, let me help you stack those trays."

Ten minutes later, we were down. As Mrs. Truscott left the aircraft, I handed her back her radio.

"Thank you, dear—" she gave me a little hug—"for a lovely trip, and a wonderful birthday."

She had difficulty down the gangway. Chivalrously, the ever-courteous George Evans moved forward to help her. The last I saw of Mrs. Truscott was arm-in-arm with George on their way to Customs and Immigration.

I was glad that I had let her listen. I couldn't have borne her disappointment. And as Stephanie had said, no harm had been done, in the end. I tapped my Coke can gratefully.

My luck had held.

HOW LONG, Miss Morton, since you read Line Standing Orders?" demanded the all too familiar voice—Dexter's. Behind the desk, his head and shoulders were silhouetted against the pale winter sunlight. His face was in shadow, while that same sunlight shone all too revealingly on mine.

I had had no idea what the summons meant when I had received it yesterday. I had even thought that it might be something nice, like a trip to Carraquilla,

where Lois was living. Now I knew that it wasn't.

Like the desk, Captain Dexter's office was large and functional. The only picture was that framed by the big window behind him, of the airfield and the sky. There were no photographs. The only concession to comfort, a strip of carpet, upon which I now stood rigidly erect, clenching my uniform sling bag in which I still carried the perfidious Coke can.

"I learned them at Training School," I replied. "Off by heart."

I saw a shadowy eyebrow raised.

"Sir," I added hastily.

The eyebrow remained raised.

"Or almost off by heart."

HANDY HINT

To stop dirt being trodden into the kitchen from the garden, make an efficient foot scraper by fastening an old scrubbing brush upside down just outside the door. To fix the brush, screw it to a board.

"Almost is not good enough."

"No, sir."

"Can you remember what Section 5, Clause 3 is about?"

I took an inspired guess. "A Stewardess's pre-flight duties, sir."

"Quite wrong. It is, in fact, about voyage reports."

I blushed. Partly from embarrassment, mostly with anger.

"Do you know why I've sent for you?"

"No, sir."

"Cast your mind back to your flight with Captain Williams."

"Yes, sir."

"Did anything untoward happen?"

"Untoward?"

"Don't pretend you don't understand! Did anything happen that should be reported in, shall we say, the Stewardess's Voyage Report?"

I shook my head. "Not really."

"Miss Drew thought otherwise."

Stephanie couldn't, I thought, she wouldn't . . .

She had.

"Well?" he asked.

I told him the whole story. About Mrs. Truscott and her birthday and her grandson's request.

He sat there, totally unmoved. I was right from the very first, I thought. He had a heart of flint.

"It's clear that you don't think Miss Drew need have mentioned the incident."

"It was such a little thing," I retorted hotly. "Nothing went wrong." Ironically I repeated Stephanie's words, "No harm was done."

"Maybe not. It was still against the rules. You're not going to try to pretend to me that you don't know there's a rule that no transistor radios are allowed on board."

I said nothing.

"I see you're not. At least that's a relief. You knowingly and deliberately broke the rule."

"There were special circumstances."

"There are no special circumstances to Line Standing Orders. Miss Drew was quite right to put it in her voyage report. Nothing did happen, but for all you know, the transistor might have affected an instrument, and the crew might have reported it to Maintenance as being unserviceable. Have you anything to say?"

Continued overleaf

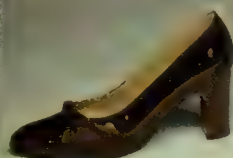
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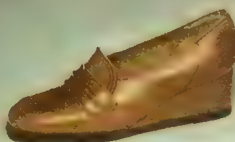


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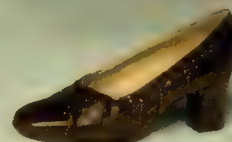
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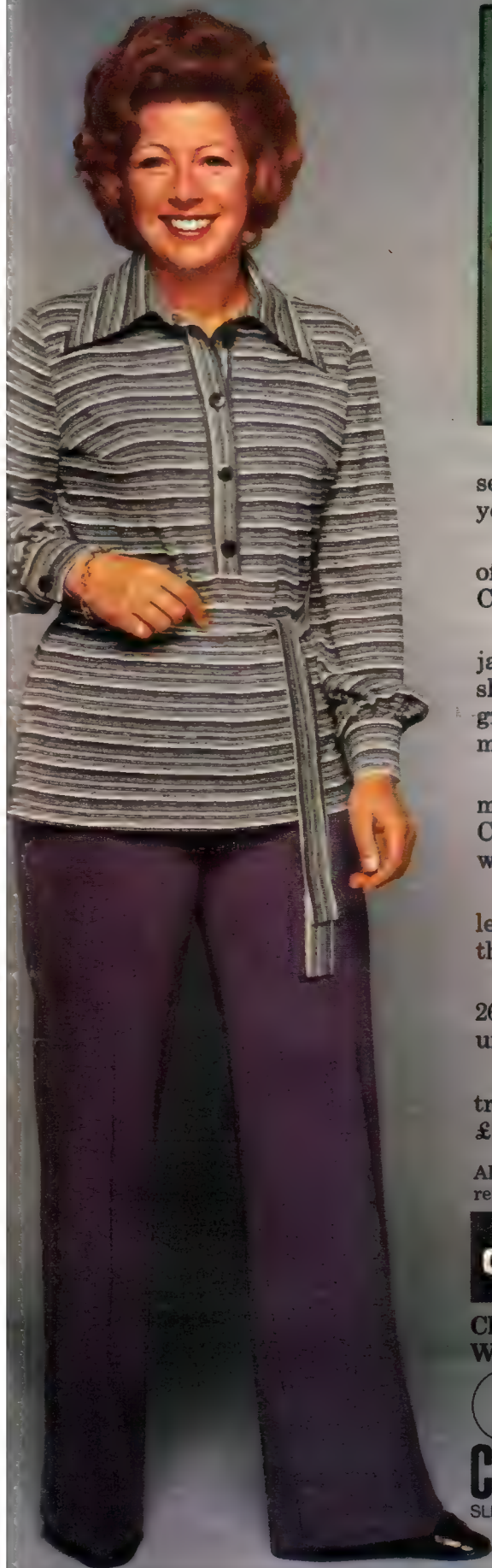


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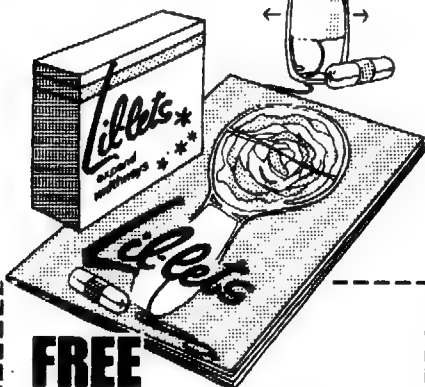
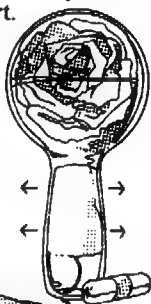
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FLY AWAY LOVE

Continued

I SIMPLY stood there, looking back at him.

"Do you find obeying rules irksome, Miss Morton?"

"Sometimes."

"There is a very easy way not to have to obey them at all."

"What do you mean?"

"You can leave the company, and seek employment elsewhere."

I looked down at the carpet.

"From your silence, I take it that is not your intention. Right then! Those are the rules. You will obey them. And you must never let your heart rule your head."

"There are worse things," I croaked, my voice muffled with an emotion too unhappy for analysis.

"Not in flying," he snapped back. "We must all remember that." There was a depth of anger in his voice which was more, I thought, than my crime warranted.

"Naturally," he went on, tightening his mouth, "you must be taught a lesson."

"Naturally," I echoed with a bitter inflection that brought his full, stern stare to my face. Tempers on both sides of that desk were flaring.

He controlled his. "I must ask you, in accordance with company rules, whether you will accept what I decide, or if you want to take the whole thing up to higher authority. In this case the general manager," he finished.

I hardly hesitated. I should have hesitated. "You decide," I said. "You usually do."

He brought the flat of his hand down smartly on the top of the desk, so that the water decanter and the glass shivered. For a moment, I thought he was going to come round the desk and make me shake too.

"As your knowledge of Line Standing Orders is slight, and as you do not apparently recognise the necessity to obey them, you will return to the Training Section."

"That means . . ." I began, my eyes round with horror.

"That you'll come off the flying roster, yes, Miss Morton."

"For how long?" I asked, incredulous of the severity of my punishment.

"Till we are satisfied that you are competent to operate the routes, Miss Morton."

"Till you are, you mean," I said, but silently. "Till Simon says . . ."

"That's all then, thank you, Miss Morton."

I could hardly see the door because my eyes had become blurred—with anger and with a sense of smarting injustice, and something else.

In the outside office, Simon Dexter's secretary tactfully started typing and didn't look up. If she hadn't heard of my humiliation through the thin partition, she soon would. So would Corinne, and so would everyone else on Worldways.

As I dashed the tears from my eyes, I remembered that the last time I'd been with Simon Dexter I had wept. Then he had been my comforter and protector. Foolishly, I had warmed to him. Under the clasp of his hand, the feel of his arms round me, my mistrust had begun to melt.

But not any more. I was to be taught a lesson. Dexter himself had chosen it. My heart was not to rule my head. Well, he would see this time that I would prove to be an apt pupil.

TO BE CONTINUED

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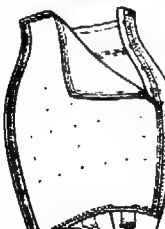
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Fashionable shoes may make your feet look attractive but they don't always feel comfortable. Shoes that squeeze and pinch are not only painful but can cause lasting complaints such as bunions, corns and awkward feet. Luckily you can now buy a **Solid Wood Shoe Stretcher** that will stretch shoes at the exact pressure points and make them fit like a glove. They fit either men's or women's shoes and include corn, and bunion pieces. Last a lifetime, too! To order, state sex and shoe size. Send cheque or postal order for £2.99 plus 76p VAT postage and packing to: **Shupost Ltd., Dept. WW 910S, 1 Downs Park Road, London E8 2HD.** Callers welcome 9.00-4.00 Mon.-Fri. Tel: 01-249 7849.



Eating ordinary meals can prove a little difficult for people who are recovering from an illness. **Thompson's Slippery Elm Food** is a great help during this period. Made from the finely ground inner lining of the slippery elm tree, **Thompson's Slippery Elm Food** is a pleasant and nourishing food that you simply mix with hot milk. It's so gentle to the digestion that many convalescents are able to take it when other foods are quite unacceptable. Available in malted or unmalted form from Boots, other chemists and Health Food stores.



For superb-quality knitting wools at fair prices, I can recommend **St. John's**. All their wools are English and they spin all their own yarn, so you really can knit economically. 100% pure wool D.K. is only 16p. 25 grams and 4-ply all wool 16p. 25 grams. They also have some lovely synthetics, for example a super Nylon D.K. at 10p. 25 gms. and a machine-washable double Acrylic at 12p. 25 gms. Their exciting new **Shade Card** shows 15 different yarns in over 200 colours and you really should get it. To do so, send your name and address and a 6p stamp to **St. John's Knitting Wools, Dept. WLD, P.O. Box 55, 39 Well Street, Bradford, Yorks. BD1 5NG.** You'll be thrilled as I was.



Pure new wool

"Smashing! Doughnuts for tea!" Your family will love you when you produce doughnuts as a frequent treat. Too much trouble? No, not when you use **Lyons Doughnut Mix**. Make doughnuts for your children for a fraction of the price of shop doughnuts and with far less work than if you assembled and mixed the ingredients yourself. All you have to do is add water to the mixture in the packet, and deep fry them. And they're really delicious, filling and satisfying. Anyone with growing children will know how hard it is to keep up with the frequent statement "I'm hungry, Mum." Give them doughnuts, made with **Lyons Doughnut Mix**. You'll find it in grocers and supermarkets. Great idea for kids' parties.



There are some tried and trusted remedies for which there is no modern substitute—despite the advances of science. One of them is **Mackenzie's Smelling Salts**. There's nothing old fashioned about the way they work. Great-grandma wouldn't have dreamt of going anywhere without them—just in case anyone "came over queer" or "had a turn". They are still most effective if you feel dizzy or faint, and they help to relieve nasal congestion. They're a marvellous reviver if you're travelling in a close atmosphere. A quick sniff and your head clears and you feel bright and refreshed. I've taken to carrying a small bottle in my handbag, and it is not only I who have been glad of them. Buy **Mackenzie's Smelling Salts** at the chemist. Only 18p.



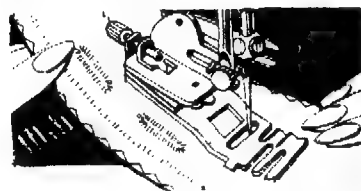
I know that household disinfectants are essential, but I've never liked that strong antiseptic smell in the house. Now I've found the perfect answer—**Zoflora** floral disinfectant. It's available in ten floral perfumes, but **Zoflora** is more than just a lovely smell. It's ten times more powerful than carbolic, so just a few drops in water will do all sorts of jobs around the house. In the bathroom and toilet, soaking nappies and handkerchiefs, down the sink and drainpipe, even washing the cat's basket! When anyone's sick, I spray diluted **Zoflora** to kill germs and freshen the room. And a few drops in the water make a bath really refreshing. There are so many uses. The two ounce bottle makes 4 pints of floral disinfectant for not more than 28p.



Chester Fine Arts have a clever NEW idea for decorating your bathroom, and also for making baths and showers safer. Their **Pathway Decorations** look like giant snowflakes when fixed firmly in place (with their own adhesive backing). They make baths and shower trays slip-proof—a great idea especially if you have children or senior citizens in the house. They can also be used to make the bathroom tiles prettier. Each set has 12 easy-to-apply decorations and there is a choice of Avocado, Primrose, Blush Pink or Turquoise to match or contrast with your decor. Available from Selfridges, your local department store or buy direct from **Chester Fine Arts Ltd. (WW), 15 Provost Road, London NW3 4ST. £1.69 a set, plus 20p post and packing. Two sets or more post free. Money back guarantee.**



Buttonholes... I like sewing and make clothes for myself and the children, but I just hate working buttonholes. Now I have a de-luxe **Netra buttonholer** overlocker and can recommend this ingenious sewing machine attachment. It makes all size buttonholes, does overlocking blind hemming, seam finishing, zig-zagging, etc. Fits hand, treadle or electric machines. Send P.O. or cheque for £2 (plus 25p postage) for 7 days' trial, no more to pay—money refunded if not satisfied. **Value House (ML16), 349A Whitehorse Road, Croydon, Surrey.**



You can't look or feel your best if facial hair is one of your problems. However slight the growth, it can make you feel less self-confident. But there's no need to go on being embarrassed. Use the revolutionary new cosmetic by **Esthetic**. The name is **Hairstop**—and that's just what it does. It couldn't be easier to use. You apply it as you would moisturiser. It improves your complexion and weakens the roots of superfluous hair at the same time, penetrating deep down to cut back regrowth. You can buy **Hairstop** by post, direct from **Esthetic Cosmetics, Dept. WW10, 111 Fulham Road, London SW3.** It costs £3.70, plus 25p postage and packing. There is a full money-back guarantee. Try **Hairstop** and one of life's awkward problems will be gone.



There's plenty to worry about these days, and no wonder so many people complain about their nerves. Being in a tensed up state can bring neuralgia pains too. But this feeling of being 'on edge' can be relieved by the non-suppressive action of **Nervone**. Safely your nerves are soothed and nerve power built up. The soothing effect of **Nervone** takes you through the day and helps you to sleep more soundly. **Nervone** is formulated from really safe ingredients and is non-habit-forming. The tiny tablets are easy to take.



You can buy **Nervone** from your chemist or Health Store. For more information about **Nervone** and the bio-chemic way to health, write to **Dept. NWW1, New Era Laboratories Ltd., 39 Wales Farm Road, London W3 6XH.**

You may have been neglecting your hair without being conscious of it. If it is looking dull and lifeless, it's time you gave it a course of the **Pure Silvikrin** treatment. **Pure Silvikrin** contains aqueous alcohol which penetrates the scalp oils. Then its seventeen amino acids, niacin and anti-dandruff ingredient can all work where they're most effective—on the scalp itself. Daily massage with **Pure Silvikrin** stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp, and will give your hair a vital, shining healthy look. **Pure Silvikrin** would like you to take advantage of their offer of a 20p voucher to help you buy it. Just write to **Silvikrin Laboratories, Dept. WWA4, Brentford, Middx.**



IS IT A PERM, OR IS IT A SET?




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HAIRDRESSER
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TOGETHER.

A WALK IN THE PARK

Continued from page 20

Michael and I stood and watched them go. "The hazards of bringing up a family!" he observed. "How does your boy friend feel about it, Gilly?"

I tried to consider the question impartially. Henry, I knew, would never have plunged spontaneously into the pool to rescue an unknown toddler and his boat. But it seemed a little mean to say so. "Except in terms of their advertising potential," I said, "I doubt if he ever thinks about children."

"Pity!" Michael observed. "You looked so much at home with Timmy in your arms."

I laughed. "When you're the eldest of six, you get plenty of practice."

"There you have the edge on me," he admitted. "I'm only the eldest of five!"

"What a coincidence!"

"Do you realise," he said, "that if we combined both our families, we'd have enough for a cricket team?"

"Or mixed hockey," I suggested.

We suddenly looked at each other and began to laugh.

"I'm going home next weekend," he said suddenly. "To Dorset. Why don't you come, too?"

I stared at him. "But your parents don't even know me!"

"That, my dear girl," he said patiently, "would be the whole point of the exercise."

"Well, it's very nice of you. I'll think about it," I promised, as if the whole of the evening stretched before us.

WE HAD now come to within a hundred yards or so of the houses, and I'd begun to wonder how on earth I was going to slip Paddy through his own garden gate without Michael noticing. But that was to be the least of my worries.

Down the path of the house that evidently belonged to Henry's sister, came two very angry looking people. First was Henry, his eyes popping with disbelief as he looked at me. Close on his heels came a tall, very smart but thin-faced woman who must be Angela. On her face, anger was giving way to an expression of acute distaste. Not, surprisingly, directed at my bedraggled appearance, but at Fifi's, who, now that I came to take a close look at her, resembled a ball of dark grey mohair more than the original, virgin wool. But why should Angela be so disturbed? That, surely, was Aunt Sophie's prerogative? *Wasn't it?*

For Angela had suddenly snapped at the little poodle. "Twinkle! Where on earth have you been? And would you—" she turned on Michael—"please explain why you felt it necessary to take my dog for a walk and bring her back in this frightful state?"

All eyes, mine included, were upon Michael. But it was into mine that he gazed as he made his apologies. "Would you," he finished up, "settle for the fact that I was making the most of a delightful opportunity?"

I smiled at him, ignoring Henry's scowls. "I certainly would," I said. Any other answer, after all, would have been a clear case of the pot calling the kettle black!

"Gillian!" It was Henry's turn now. "Where the dickens have you been? You're hours adrift. Angela's been frightfully worried. And just look at you! What on earth have you been doing?"

"I'm so sorry." I called an apology after Angela's retreating back as, with Twinkle wriggling violently under her arm, she marched up her garden path. "I will explain," I promised Henry, "but first I've got to see this setter safely home."

"I'll save you the bother, if you like," Michael broke in, an expression of ineffable complacency on his face. "Aunt Sophie will be wondering what happened to her beloved Paddy!"

We looked at each other for a long, revealing moment and then began, for the second time that afternoon, to shake with laughter.

The bang of Angela's back door echoed loudly on the evening air. Henry, too, was no longer with us.

"Goodbye, Henry!" I called softly, but with relief.

I turned to Michael. "Aunt Sophie? She really does exist?"

"You bet!" he said. "Absolutely everything else I told you was true. Including Aunt Sophie's ginger cake. And," he added hopefully, "that I'm still going home next weekend. How about it?"

"Thank you. I'd love to come with you," I said.

Hand in hand, we walked up the moss grown path of the house through whose open door Paddy had already disappeared.

"By the way," I asked, "you do like red setters, don't you?"

"Adore them," he assured me. "Aunt Sophie says I can have Paddy when I have a house of my own. She's going to breed cats!"

"That should please Twinkle!" I said, with a chuckle.

THE END

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Mary Marryat advises

MUST WAIT FOR A BABY

We have been married now for three years and I would like to start a family. My husband agrees we should have a family, but when I talk about sex he tells me to wait. At first I put up with this, but now I am getting rather impatient. He is a loving husband, but we seem to be going further away from each other, and arguments have started. I cannot have a private reply or sign my name for fear my husband would find out. What would you advise me to do?

UNSIGNED

I think the most important thing to do is to talk things over, quietly and affectionately, trying not to let a discussion turn into a quarrel. See if you can get your husband to say how long he thinks you should wait before starting a family. If you knew for certain that he would agree to try for a baby in a year, or eighteen months, or even longer, you would probably feel less impatient than if you are simply told to wait.

You say, "When I talk about sex" rather than "When I talk about starting a family", and this makes me wonder whether you are, in fact, leading a normal married life. If you are not, the problem is, of course, a more complicated one than if your husband is simply insisting on contraceptive precautions for the time being. In either case, if you and your husband are unable to reach an understanding, I think you would be wise to talk things over with a marriage guidance counsellor. You tell me that you cannot have a private reply or sign your name for fear your husband would find out, but it seems to me very reasonable for you to seek advice on a problem which is worrying you, and I do not feel you should be afraid of doing so. You can get the address of your nearest marriage guidance counsellor by writing, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, to the *National Marriage Guidance Council*, Little Church Street, Rugby.

NOTE TO ALL READERS

When a reader feels she cannot sign her name, she should sign a letter with any Christian name, nickname, or other invented name—but please *not* the over-used "Worried".

Please remember that we cannot guarantee to answer anonymous letters in the magazine and it is preferable to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for a personal reply.

ASHAMED OF "POOR HOME"

I come from a poor family and yet am a well-educated only child of nineteen who is studying for a university degree. The trouble is that the only boys I am attracted to and who share the same interests as myself, being well educated, come from wealthy families. Although I have very respected parents who have always spoken properly, I am ashamed to introduce my boy friends to them, in case the latter (my boy friends) should become prejudiced when seeing my poor home. Also, am I normal only liking these richer people? However hard I try, I can never find myself attracted to the less educated boys.

HONEY

If you need the advice of a sympathetic friend, write to Mary Marryat, at Woman's Weekly, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a confidential reply. Please remember that several weeks elapse before answers to letters can appear on this page

There is no reason at all why you should make an effort to be attracted to less educated men. Romantic attraction is a very personal thing, and it is perfectly natural for you to be drawn to men who share your interests. Any worthwhile man will appreciate the good qualities of your parents, and would certainly not think less of them, or of you, for having less money than his own family. He would be much more likely to think less of you if you were ashamed of your good parents.

Do try not to let the fact that you are studying for a degree make you get things out of proportion. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but perhaps I should say that the length of time spent at school or the number of examinations passed do not in themselves make a well-educated person.

BOY FRIEND'S UPSETTING HABIT

I have been going out with my boy friend for nearly two years now. When we are out together and a good-looking girl passes us, he'll say to me, "Cor, she's a nice bit of stuff" or "She's got a big bust." I wouldn't mind too much if he only said this once or twice, but it's all the time we are out, and when he says things like this it makes me feel as though I'm not good enough for him.

When he goes out with his mates, he always tells me what a great time they have had, and he seems to have more fun with them than he does when we go out together.

ANNETTE

The fact that your boy friend tells you what a fine time he has had with his friends indicates to me that he feels he can share his good times with you, and I think it would be a great pity for you to make him reluctant to do so. Being able to share things is an important part of a relationship, and makes them twice as enjoyable.

Making personal remarks about good-looking girls is probably just a rather juvenile habit, but I can see it must be irritating. Perhaps

Words that I will remember

Life is the gift of the immortal gods, but living well is the gift of philosophy.

SENECA

The secret of making one's self tiresome is not to know when to stop.

VOLTAIRE



when a good-looking man walks by, you might try saying, "Oh, isn't he gorgeous!" or "What lovely broad shoulders!" This might remind your boy friend that while no sensible girl minds hearing another woman praised, a constant stream of personal remarks about passers-by is not in the best of taste.

PARENTS "DON'T UNDERSTAND"

Recently my parents read my diary and found out that Phil and I had made love. I can understand that they were upset, but they have gone to extremes to stop me seeing him, and I am not even allowed to go out with my girl friends. We have tried to explain that we are sorry, and just how much we mean at each other, but they will not listen. I do so want to make amends to my family, but I will do something stupid if I have to give Phil up, because we really love each other. They think he is a bad influence because my exam results were not very good and I will probably have to take them again next year. I am just sixteen and Phil is eighteen.

HAZEL

I think the very best way of making amends is to accept your parents' strictness as patiently as you can. If you and Phil really care for each other, your affection ought to be able to stand a separation. Spending your evenings at home may not be much fun, but it will give you an opportunity to study really hard, and you will no doubt reap the benefits next year. You will also have less time to be unhappy if you concentrate on your work.

A quiet acceptance of your parents' rules, together with steady work, is likely to convince them that you are showing a responsible attitude, and even if they will not let you and Phil see each other for a while, they will probably change their minds eventually, especially if he shows that he is not a bad influence by behaving as sensibly as he can.

TO BARRY

I was so sorry to hear of your problem. The best advice I can give you is to write to the *National Council for One Parent Families*, 255 Kentish Town Road, London, NW5 2LX, asking for their help during this difficult time.

I also think you might find it a great help to get in touch with your local branch of the Samaritans. The telephone number in your area is Canterbury 60000. I feel sure you would find it comforting to talk over your problems with them, in confidence.

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